

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 175.—18 SEPTEMBER, 1847.

From the Spectator.

BENNETT'S SIX WEEKS' JOURNEY IN IRELAND.*

WILLIAM BENNETT is a "Friend;" and appears to be one of those philanthropists who conjoin amiable things with a susceptible taste, a clear practical head with untiring activity, and who willingly put aside both ease and their own business at the call of duty; for although travelling on philanthropic objects is not devoid of pleasure, excitement, or ministration to human vanity, it were ungenerous to deny that a sense of duty and a feeling nature must prompt the original movement in such cases as the present. From some incidental passages it would appear that Mr. Bennett has been acquainted with Ireland for years, if he was not before engaged in missions of charity. As the late famine wore on, he turned his mind to the most useful manner in which he could employ himself in connection with it; and concluded that the best way was to engage in the personal distribution of small seeds in the remoter districts. The relief committee of the society would not officially undertake the matter, but individually they seem to have assisted him: at all events, he and his son started in the early part of March with some liberal contributions, and several bales of clothing from the ladies' society, on their philanthropic journey.

The distance travelled by Mr. Bennett extended the entire length and breadth of the island, and amounted, he says, to fifteen hundred miles. The far west and the extreme south were the two points that he may be said to have examined. His first journey of investigation and relief was to Erris or Erris Head, the western extremity of Mayo; thence passing along the sea-coast through Sligo and Donegal, he terminated the journey at Belfast, and returned to Dublin. Passing over intermediate and incidental visits, Mr. Bennett's next reconnoitring-ground was from the south side of Dingle Bay, through the O'Connell properties, along the coast to Skibbereen, and thence to Cork and Waterford.

The letters, written in the first instance to Mr. Bennett's sister, contain little that is absolutely new. Except some national peculiarity, which escapes the notice of an Irishman from his being used to it, and a picturesque detail here and there, the daily press and the official reporters have furnished a great deal more about destitution, distress, deaths, jobbery, and imposition, than Mr. Bennett. His book, however, is not without its features. We get a more extended view, and more of a whole result, than can be readily gained from the "blue books," or from "our own correspondent" at all. The island is spread rapidly, though no doubt superficially, before us; and we can trace as on a reduced map some of the distinguishing features of particular regions. Besides this advantage, the letters have literary character. Mr. Bennett varies his accounts by anecdotes of people and descriptions

* A Narrative of a Recent Journey of Six Weeks in Ireland, in connection with the subject of supplying small seed to some of the remoter districts; with current Observations on the depressed Circumstances of the People, and the Means presented for the permanent Improvement of their Social Condition. By William Bennett.

of nature: there is something of the half poetical spirit that animated Gurney's book on the West Indies, and seems often to distinguish Friends—imagination, not in drab, but sober-colored.

Mr. Bennett will perhaps think us hard-hearted, but we must confess that his book induces us to suspect, not the intensity of partial distress, but its *national* extent. Scenes of soul-harrowing horrors have occurred in particular districts; yet we cannot but fear that these have been traded upon, and the whole assumed from parts. The fiercest distress Mr. Bennett saw was in the southern parts of Cork; next, perhaps, in the neighborhood of Urris or Erris; Kerry ranked the third in this disastrous eminence; and generally as you approached the south from Dublin the misery increased, and seemed to diminish as you advanced northward. In Ulster, indeed, there was distress and fever; but there is no lack of distress and fever in England also—only we do not raise such a howl over it.

The strangest point, and one that seems to contain the most important conclusion, is the different grades of distress in the same district, without any very visible cause for it, beyond (as we conjecture) the want of industry in the people, and some complexity in the tenure of land, which often makes mere jobbers the virtual landlords. In one parish people are actually dying in numbers, of sheer starvation; in another not very far off, there may be distress enough, but not such total destitution; while in parts of Ulster a better state of things is indicated by the appearance of Sunday clothes and even Sunday finery.

Mr. Bennett, being a "liberal" of some shade, explains all the misery of Ireland by English misgovernment; though the facts we have just stated seem to shake that ready conclusion. He is also inclined to look with a very favorable eye on the Irish: but facts are too strong for him; and he is sometimes obliged to note things that smack of habitual trickery, or evils that a little exertion would remedy. The following took place at Arranmore, an island off the coast of Donegal.

"I fear to state the number of families in which sea-weed and limpets appeared to be the only substitutes for food; although the ravages of famine and pestilence were still short of the harrowing scenes we had witnessed in the Mullet. There were the same gaunt looks in the men, and the peculiar worn-out expression of premature old age in the countenances of the women and children; but the latter still clutched, with an eagerness I shall never forget, at the sight of some biscuit I had brought with me, when offered them to eat with their sea-weed—very different to the apathy and vacant stare yet more heart-piercing, with which the unaccustomed sight was regarded by those with whom the very desire and volition were passed. We thought there were exhibited marks of a longer period of neglect and degradation; as if these poor islanders had never known any other state, and expected nothing better. Their importunity was also not without rudeness and abuse, when the tickets were exhausted, and there was nothing more to had. The bits of paper in the way of petit

ready prepared constantly thrusting into our hands, evinced an older trade in beggary. We detected, too, instances of exaggeration; and, under any other circumstances, some amusing ones of pretence. My son, who was more at liberty to observe, discovered girls and children were up and running about, as soon as we were fairly cleared off, who had on our approach thrown themselves on their miserable sleeping-places, and beneath what they had of covering, as if sick. The feature that struck me most forcibly was, that *amongst this whole population, estimated at 1,500, there was not a single particle of work of any description that we could see going forward, either inside the cottages or outside upon the soil, except one old woman knitting.*

" Sometimes we thought proper to exercise the right of lecturing; and made the levelling of the mud floor, the filling in some filthy puddle, or the removal of some abominable heap from *in* to *outside*, the condition of our gift. Even in the midst of such wretchedness and misery, we were not without proof of the native wit and readiness of the lower order of Irish. One poor fellow, so immured in thick darkness that it was some time after entering his cabin before we could find him out, on asking him 'why he did not knock a hole in the wall to let in the light and air!' replied, 'It's I, your honor, that am not fit to be seen in it!'"

Mr. Bennett's deductions as to the general state of landed property, from the facts which fell under his observation, exactly confirm our late position, that the present system must be overturned before any good can be done.

" The moral effect of such a state of things is obvious to the least reflecting mind. How far does its existence lie at the very basis of the low social condition of the people? I mention it here not as peculiar to this district. It is an element pervading large portions of Ireland; entering into the very growth of a population ever by habit and education on the verge of pauperism; and of whom the landlord, rarely coming near the property, knows little, and, unfortunately in many instances, cares less. The superior landlord, the nominal owner of a wide domain, has often very little interest, and no direct influence; or, from encumbrances and limitations—perhaps over since it came into his possession—he finds it a disagreeable and vexatious property, and dislikes it; or is really poor, and yet cannot relieve himself by reason of these difficulties. Here is society dislocated at both ends. Is Irish disorganization anything surprising!—the natural influences and expenditure of property in creating artificial wants and means of livelihood withdrawn from their own sources, and the people thrown back entirely upon the soil, with a bounty upon the veriest thriftlessness and least remove above the lowest animal conditions of life! Under such a state of things—not the accident of to-day, but the steady and regular growth of years and a system—a population is nurtured, treading constantly on the borders of starvation; checked only by a crisis like the present, to which it inevitably leads, and almost verifying the worst Malthusian doctrines."

In a concluding letter various plans for the improvement of Ireland are briefly discussed; but the only one on which Mr. Bennett can settle is " free trade in land." The assumption of waste lands by the state, and the liberation of rented land from its present encumbrances, are all that in his opinion government can do to forward Irish improvements. In other words, the two bills which the ministers abandoned are the only two measures from which

our experienced Friend, and many others, expect the least permanent good.

From the Examiner.

Adventures on the Western Coast of South America, and the Interior of California. By JOHN COULTER, M. D. Author of " Adventures in the Pacific." Two vols. Longman and Co.

This book goes far to prove the reality of Mr. Herman Melville's adventure in the same extraordinary scenes. There can be no doubt of the veracity and authenticity of Doctor Coulter; and his book has the same wild peculiarities of incident, almost the same glow of color in the descriptions, and not a little of the dramatic force of character and dialogue, which attracted to Mr. Melville so much admiration and so many doubts.

There is no room for the latter in the present case, as we have said. The traveller writes with his own name and in his own character, as the surgeon on board a whaling and trading English vessel to these regions; and has already published his cruise of adventure as far as Tahiti. These volumes take up the narrative at the point where he then left it. Some animated incidents at sea, (a chase of an enormous whale between the English ship and an American is admirably told,) precede the author's arrival at Christmas Island; and (after some notices of turtles hardly less lively than the whale) a series of anecdotes of adventure, told with remarkable vigor, carry us to the western coast of South America, its towns, islands, and forest ravines; thence to the coast and into the interior of California; thence, by westerly sail, across the North Pacific; afterwards at the Kingsmill Islands, New Ireland, New Hanover, New Britain, the Willamnez, the great island of New Guinea, and the New Hebrides. The author's subsequent return home was from Tahiti, by Eimeo, Easter Island, and Cape Horn; and the date of his travel seems to have been some twelve years since.

The purpose of it (beside the ordinary business of whaling) was to take part in the extensive trading transactions which seem to have been then (as they still are) carried on between the various ports on the western coasts of North and South America, the various islands in the Pacific, and the coasts of China, Australia, &c. Doctor Coulter describes the Sandwich Islands as now a mercantile dépôt of very considerable importance. Hundreds of merchants from all parts of the world, it would seem, reside there; and a very large amount of their import is derived from various traders who pass years of their lives from one island to another, at great personal risk, as their transactions are generally with savage natives and outcast white men. They procure at these various islands arrow-root, oil, beche-de-mer, dyewoods, tortoise-shell, cured fish, &c. "These articles," Dr. Coulter observes, "are disposed of at once either for cash or goods. If the latter, a vessel will take in brandy, rum, wines, teas, sugars, iron tools, and all kinds of hardware, and proceed to the ports in California, and return to the islands with deals, wheat, Indian-corn, furs, &c. The Chinese merchant will take away the furs, beche-de-mer, tortoise-shell, pearl, &c. Sugars and various articles of Pacific Ocean Islands' collection will reach Australia, Van Diemen's Land, &c., and no doubt return with an item from some of Old England's factories. In fact, the Pacific Ocean trading is an occupation peculiar to itself and one from which great emolument is derived;

indeed, it is of so much value to the bold adventurers engaged in it, that they have systematically concealed a correct account of it from the home ports, lest their profitable transactions should be interfered with by too many coming out." One conceives it, in short, to be a sort of piracy in its way. The captains, or supercargoes, are generally the owners; the ships are well armed and manned; and island after island is visited, and the savages treated with amicably, or the reverse, according as other vessels engaged in the same traffic may have left causes of quarrel or dissatisfaction behind them, or the captains or crews themselves may appear to be peaceable or quarrelsome. We need not add that such trading is of necessity a dangerous employment.

But for carelessness of danger or fatigue, and quiet self-possession and command in out-facing either, we remember few travellers that have excelled Doctor Coulter. Let us show him with his Indian guide in search of a day's sport in the woods of the South American coast.

"In two or three minutes a beautiful young wild black horse came tearing along the clear part of the ravine, in the direction of our concealment; he was going at his utmost speed, and closely pursued by two splendid tigers that ran much quicker, and whose bounds we could distinctly perceive were great, as at each they rose several feet from the ground.

"As the poor horse came up nearly to where we now were (for we crawled deeper into the ravine) he seemed to be nearly exhausted, and slipped down on his knees, about thirty yards from where we kneeled down ready for them. One of the tigers crouched with all the twisting motion of a huge cat, and made a spring of about twenty feet right on the back of the horse, and seized him by the neck with a fearful growl; the other animal trotted round the horse, lashing his tail about, and roaring with terrific ferocity; they were too busy now with their victim to scent us out. 'Are you ready now?' said Jack. 'I am,' said I. By agreement I covered the tiger on the horse, my guide the other; at a signal both guns went off together.

"The one I had covered rolled kicking off the horse, the other fell down and tumbled about in all directions, evidently badly wounded. 'Now for the knife,' said Jack; and we rushed up to where they lay. Mine was dead, but the other was still active, though unable to move any distance. I went up to him with the intention of firing my second barrel through his head, when my guide insisted upon me letting him alone, and drew his long knife. The tiger had yet great vitality, and I was much alarmed lest he might yet injure the man, and kept the gun ready for an immediate shot.

"Jack went boldly up to him; the infuriated animal grinned horribly and writhed rapidly about, throwing up a good deal of dust from the dry ground. One plunge of the knife, a roar, into him again, a hideous grin and a tumble about, some blood scattered on the ground, at him again, a miss stroke of the knife, try once more, both down and nearly covered with dust. I was now determined to put an end to this dangerous conflict if I could; but the rapid motion of both man and beast prevented me firing, lest one should receive what was intended for the other.

"The tiger had now hold of either the Indian or his clothes, as both rolled together; yet the knife was busily at work. At last his arm was raised high up with the red dripping instrument, and after

one more angry plunge of it, the tiger turned on his back, his paws and whole frame quivering, and with an attempt at a ghastly grin, he fell over on his side and died. Jack then stood up, covered with the blood of the animal, and his first ejaculation was, 'un diablo,' in English 'one devil.' I was anxious to ascertain if the man was hurt, and after washing himself in a pool of water near us, I was delighted to see that he escaped, with the exception of one faint bite on the shoulder, and a few tears of the paws on his arms, which he seemed to care nothing about. He was a brave man, told me he had killed many of them, but this one he said died hard.

"We now considered it prudent to reload our guns, as the smell of the blood about, and the dead carcasses, might attract other gentry to the spot, that it would be just as well to be prepared for. My shot, after passing through the tiger, entered the horse's neck, and killed him also. Jack told me now to keep a good look-out while he skinned the animals, or, as he said, 'took their jackets off.' He worked with experienced activity, had in an incredibly short space of time the hides off the tigers and horse, rolled them closely up into a convenient pack, made all fast with a thong which he cut off, and finished the affair by saying 'a doubloon's worth any how.'

In a subsequent chapter we have some hints of advice to the amateur hunter or sportsman of California, which indicate with amusing complacency the sturdy disposition of the writer:

"Any hunter leaving the sea-port towns, and going into the interior after furs, will be glad of your company. Before you start, purchase a couple of pair of stout doe-skin leggings from the Indians. They will save your legs from many a scratch of a bush or the bite of a snake you may perchance tread upon. Well, you are rigged in costume; you have your favorite gun, a bag of bullets, some spare lead to make more, and a sufficient stock of fine powder to last you for some time, and off you start in company with some trusty hunter, bidding good-by to your downy bed for some time, as I promise you the fascination of the woods and wilds of California will cause your absence to be longer than you expect.

"As to camping out every night, there is no fear of catching cold, as you have a roaring log fire near your feet when you're asleep; and sleep soundly you will after a day's hunting on foot, one of you keeping watch whilst the other sleeps, lest some wild animal, or equally wild Indian, might disturb your pleasant dreams. The black and brown bears may come near your fire; but you need not trouble yourself about a dozen of them, as, in most instances, they will let you alone and keep a respectful distance, sitting on their haunches scratching themselves with their fore paws, wondering what brought you there, and taking a look round to ascertain whether you have any spare meat left for their supper.

"Bruin is quite a philosophic brute; for when he finds there is nothing for him but the lead from the hunter's rifle, he goes through a few comical manœuvres for the amusement of the party, then waddles off into the gloom of the forest, and, as he can't just now get supper, he goes to bed without it. Thus camping out at night before a fine fire, hearing hunting stories, and receiving the ludicrous visits of bruin and his fraternity, is the best fun in the world. Besides you enjoy the best of good living—venison, buffalo meat, salmon, or trout, as you please; and the cream of the joke is, as long as you

are out hunting you live like an alderman, and have nothing to pay.

"Never regret the want of bread with your meals : parched Indian corn will do as well. Neither fret for the want of your wine : some pure water out of the rivulet, drunk out of the hollow of your hand, will be better : it will be the most cooling and refreshing beverage after an exciting day's hunt. Thus, after a three or four months' hunting, good living, and free exercise in the pure air of the country and mountains, you will return to the town you started from as stout as a Trojan."

Nor does he scruple to plume himself on other habits of temperance and self-denial which "Stout Trojans" do not always so steadily indulge. The scene we are about to quote took place in the town of Utiroo, at Drummond Island. It reads precisely like an adventure by Mr. Herman Melville—Mr. Melville's personal sprightliness omitted.

"We could hear the men and women laughing and singing in the other houses about until a late hour. I became at last tired of the native's talk, and was about anticipating an agreeable sleep on my bed of leaves, in the clean looking mat, when a half-suppressed laugh, or tittering about the house, attracted my attention. On looking through the open crevices of this hut, I saw several figures moving about and peeping in upon us. I turned round to the interpreter, and was in the act of getting an explanation, when the apology for a door was opened, and in stalked half a dozen of young and well-looking girls.

"Having seated themselves in the centre of the floor, the first thing they did was to look at me, then laugh heartily. A song was commenced and continued for several minutes, accompanied by the occasional clapping of hands, then another chorus of laughing, and all got up to caper and dance round the house and over the soft covering of the floor. 'Well,' thought I, 'these people are certainly very merry, and inclined to entertain their guest.' I could perceive by an occasional exclamation, that some of them had picked up a word or two of English from previous visitors.

"They seemed to enjoy themselves in the very climax of merriment. When I asked the man what was all the fun about, he answered, grinning in a peculiar manner, 'By and by, you'll see.' They seemed at last to have partially tired themselves, and again squatted on the bed of leaves. Some lay down. Their only dress consisted of a small cloth round the waist, which extended nearly to the knees. Two or three of them now stood up and spoke to me in the native language.

"I was all along imagining that the entire performance was intended as an act of hospitality for my amusement, when my interpreter informed me that they were told to come here by Hoonoo, who had tabooed them all to me for wives. I was certainly amazed at first at this peculiar and immoral stretch of hospitality on the part of my young friend the chief, but soon found out that such an act was customary with the strangers visiting those islands, and that it would be considered strange, unusual, and partially insulting to turn them out.

"However, I acted a determined part, and told them I did not want one, not to speak of half a dozen wives ; they told the interpreter they would stop where they were, that they were (in their English) 'wifey me,' and would not stir. I was now informed that all women tabooed to any man, looked upon him as long as he remained as their husband, and that to turn them away would insult them and

their friends, and that some of their male relatives might revenge the act. However, bribery has its influence here as amongst civilized people, and I promised presents to all these young women, which compromised matters in some measure, though I was obliged to leave them in undisturbed possession of the building and go into Hoonoo's house, where I folded myself up in a mat and slept in a corner till daylight the next day."

Of outcast white men Doctor Coulter seems to have encountered some strange instances in the course of his strange adventures. He found Cocos Island, for example, one of the loveliest of spots he visited, ruled over in its enchanting solitudes by a white hermit !

"The echo of the report from hill to hill around for several minutes amazed me ; it sounded as if one eminence threw the report back on another, until it exhausted itself in a dying grumble in the distance. Waterfowl and other birds flew about screaming for awhile, but settled themselves after a little quite carelessly. Now, this was a region or part of the island that I thought was heretofore unknown, and sacred from the foot of man ; judge of my astonishment, when a sudden exclamation of my Indian comrade directed my attention to the other side of the lake, where a man was walking round towards us.

"A short time sufficed to bring us into contact with each other ; as he came along, I questioned myself much as to who he was, or why here in so unusual and solitary a region ; however, my doubts were soon removed, and I felt gratified to hear, in plain English, 'Friends, you are welcome here ; I am glad to see you ; my hut is on the other side of the lake, will you come with me to it and rest yourselves ?' We at once accepted this invitation, and commenced our walk round.

"Our new acquaintance was a man about middle age and size, of stout and healthy aspect, manly appearance, honest open countenance, though with an apparently settled gloom on it ; his present costume consisted of a red flannel shirt, flannel drawers, mocassins and leggings of goat's skin, with the hairy side out, made to fit comfortably, and a kind of cap of the same material ; his person and skin was cleanly in appearance, but the beard was long and bushy ; he was neither rude nor surly in manner, but, in fact, rather (putting aside his uncouth dress) prepossessing.

"We were not long in reaching the vicinity of his abode and found it concealed from view in a grove of trees, perched on a high green mound ; the first look, at both it and its situation, told me that the inhabitant of it displayed his natural eccentricity in its direction. On clambering up the steep ascent to it, and getting inside, I was surprised to find it both clean and comfortably arranged.

"There was a rude bedstead erected on one side, covered with leaves, and goat skins softly prepared, which made an agreeable sleeping berth ; in the centre of the floor was a rustic table, three or four seats around, all in accordance with the man and the scenery that surrounded him ; kettles, frying-pan, some carpenter's tools, a good gun and pistols, hung up against the wall, or more properly speaking, partition of logs, two or three bags made of goat skins, and filled, concerning which I was curious, though not pressing enough to ascertain their contents.

"His cook-house was a shed erected apart from the dwelling, which our host (as I may now call him) put into instant and hospitable requisition in

our behalf. He had shot a hog a short time before he was aware of our presence in his valley ; steaks from this were soon in the pan ; Jack plucked the feathers off the ducks I had killed in double quick time, and otherwise nimblly assisted the preparations going on, which were quickly completed, and afterwards heartily enjoyed, particularly by my comrade's almost never-to-be-satisfied appetite."

This man's name was Thomas Stevenson. He was from the west of England, and had been wrecked some years before on this coast, in the schooner of which he was owner and master. But another and more curious instance—a perfect Crusoe in his way—Doctor Coulter saw on Willamez's Islands. He is thus described ; the reader should consult the book itself for the details of his curious history. He had been wrecked twenty years before ; all the crew of the ship of which he was mate having been murdered and eaten by the natives, except the captain, who soon after died of grief.

"He was a middle-sized, stout made man, of about fifty years old ; his black hair was very long, but conveniently tied up in a bunch at the back of his head ; his beard, also black, was of enormous growth, in fact nearly covering his face, and hanging far down on his chest. His skin, from long exposure to the sun's rays, was as brown as any Polynesian's. His costume was simple, and consisted merely of two garments, one was a pair of inexpressibles, so short that they did not extend lower than half way down the thighs, the legs having been formerly cut off, from motives of economy, to patch the rents in the most important part and keep it together as long as possible. The other portion of his dress was a piece of old canvass, scanty enough, but sufficient to cover his shoulders as a short mantle, and was made fast in front by a sharpened piece of bone, with a knob on the end of it, something in imitation of a breast-pin. His expression of face was determined, yet open, and he gazed round at everything in the cabin, as if he had never beheld such before. However scanty his garments were, and peculiar as his appearance was, he seemed perfectly at home, and at his ease.

"As Captain Trainer could no longer restrain the ill-suppressed mirth that his general aspect excited amongst us, his humanity at once dictated the necessity of metamorphosing him somewhat, by presenting him with a check shirt, canvass trousers and jacket ; but we all begged of the worthy captain to go no faster at present, and particularly not to interfere with his remarkable and venerable beard, which the man seemed to have no inclination to disturb, but quietly arranged it all outside the shirt, where it was suspended like a mat before him. From want of use, his language (he was a native of Bristol, England, named James Selwin) was greatly forgotten, and he found much difficulty in remembering enough to enable him to express himself."

One difficulty in such a book as this is to be sufficiently sparing of extracts. We can indulge the reader with very few more.

THE HORRAFORAS.

"I had no proof that the Papuans are cannibals ; but I had ocular demonstration to tell me the Horraforas are, men, women, and children. The latter have a horrible custom, I believe peculiar to themselves : a young man, before he can possess his bride, must present her with a human head, which must not be mutilated, but, on careful examination of it by her family, bear the true marks and ornaments of one of an enemy. For this purpose, two

or three young men who wish to have a wife, will start off in the direction of the enemy's tribe, and be out, perhaps, two months, skulking about before they can surprise one of the enemy, and possess themselves of the desired head, which, when obtained, is carefully enveloped in damped leaves, then a deep covering of grass, and rolled over and over with twine or cord made of cocoa-nut fibre sinnet, so that it looks like a large ball. In the march home it is frequently dipped in water, to prevent decomposition as much as possible, until the presentation of it to the family of the intended bride."

A BURIAL AT SEA.

"About ten days after leaving the Bay of Islands, at night, and during one of those fearful gusts of wind, our passenger died, and as the men said who were watching over him, cursing and blaspheming awfully. He was a man of naturally ugly and forbidding aspect, he did not for a moment of the time he was on board our vessel prepossess any one in his favor ; in plain terms, the men, one and all, pronounced him 'not good,' and they were glad to get rid of him in any way.

"The following day he was buried in the usual way, at the time the gale was heavy, and the ship was hove to to ride it out. The dead body was placed on a deal board that had been ripped off a bulk head. This was used instead of one of the hatchets that were all in their places, and secured to prevent the sea (which occasionally during the gale broke over the deck) from penetrating into the vessel. At the words, 'We commit his body to the deep,' &c., a huge passing wave broke boiling around the ship, and the heavy lee-lurch that followed threw down most of the men, and the body of our defunct passenger amongst them. As soon as they could stand on the slippery deck they did, each casting strange looks at the other, whilst some gave audible vent to sundry marine maledictions on the dead body which lay on the deck.

"The drollery of the occurrence destroyed the seriousness of the scene, and the captain, who read the service, had to turn his face away and close the book for a moment. 'Right him again.' 'Ay, ay, sir'—and the body was on the plank. Again the book was opened, another heavy swell burst in upon us amidship, and washed both the living and the dead across the deck to the other side, the fore part of the ship reared up out of its bed of foam, and the men got up dripping out of the body of water that we had shipped.

"Our old boatswain, M'Coy, who had been sailing with the captain for years, and a privileged man on board, came up to where we were standing, and addressed the skipper with, 'I beg pardon, sir, but he's not right, he won't start off from the gangway ; suppose we drop him over the stern ?' The man had a determined seriousness in his look and tone that would force a smile from any one ; however, the captain told him to 'begone for an old fool, and rig the plank again.' The men, one and all, with praiseworthy alacrity, placed the body once more on the board ; as the necessary part of the service had been read, they were ordered to 'launch.'

"The board was elevated, yet the body remained without sliding off. 'Higher yet.' 'Higher it is, sir.' Several of the men now got superstitiously impatient, and shouted to those who supported the board to 'heave' ; and heave they did ; for the body was jerked some distance away from the ship's side, performing a somerset before it made its final plunge. On looking at the surface of the plank we found

there was a projecting large nail, which stuck in the canvass, and consequently prevented the body from gliding off as usual.

From the Spectator.

DUNLOP'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE late Robert Glasgow Dunlop was born at Seafield, near Ayr, in 1815; and was grandson of the Mrs. Dunlop who first patronized Burns. After the usual education of a Scottish parochial school, he became a student at the London University, and made rapid progress, not only in literature and mathematics, but in chemistry, botany, and other branches of natural science; the traces of which studies are visible in his travels. When he quitted the university he entered a merchant's counting-house, and subsequently went abroad in a mercantile capacity. From incidental remarks in his volume he would seem to have visited the East Indies as well as the West. In March, 1844, he embarked for Central America; where he died, on the 1st of January, 1847, of a fever common to the country, "the sixth of seven brothers who rest in a foreign soil."

Before the news of Dunlop's death arrived in England, his book, which was finished at Guatemala in December last, had passed through the press. The object of the author in writing it seems to have been less to give an account of his personal proceedings, than to "furnish the English reader with some trustworthy information respecting Central America;" all the publications on the subject which Mr. Dunlop had seen having been merely notices of "hurried travels through the country, which, while abounding with palpable inaccuracies, contained no statistical or useful information of any description." The first part of the book consists of extracts from his journal, and contains narrative of various journeys made on different occasions throughout the length of the state, and of a residence of some months at Amatitlan, a new cochineal district. His travels were not without adventure; but solid information is the distinguishing feature of the volume. The physical character of the country, its natural productions, the methods of cultivation and the profit attached, with the state and prospects of business generally, are the matters on which the author principally dwells. Even anecdotes or the incidents of the way appear to be selected for some indications they contain of the state of society or the character of the government, not by any formed design, but in compliance with the bent of the writer's mind.

This peculiarity gives much closeness and solidity to the *Travels in Central America*, and infuses into them a large quantity of useful and various information. There was nothing in Mr. Dunlop of the artistical littérateur, or the twaddling narrator, resolved upon writing a book and making something out of nothing. When he arrives at a place, its natural capabilities as a port or for raising produce are first regarded; then its actual condition, and the business to be done, or the prospects of doing it. The social and moral state of the population next attracts his attention, with the government, or no-government, as it happens to be. It is the same on his journeys. Any natural phenomenon or any industrial employment is first considered; and the difficulties of the road, the absence of accommodation, the fasts of men or the feasts of pediculi, a little civil war, an encounter with robbers, or even the sketch of a travelling companion, contain some-

thing beyond the mere anecdote or instance, and indicate or directly convey information respecting Central America. There is also a good deal of closeness in Mr. Dunlop's style; but this closeness, with the matter-of-fact character of some of his subjects, occasionally causes a degree of dryness.

Central America extends from about the 9th to the 16th degree of north latitude; having, with a trifling exception at either extremity of the country, a seaboard both on the Pacific and the Atlantic Ocean. It is the region, too, through which a water communication between both seas must if at all be made, by means of the river St. Juan and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon (between the 11th and 13th degrees of north latitude.) Before this can take place, however, something like a government must be established in the country; for the anarchy and civil war, which in 1839 distracted the so-called republic, when Stephens, with credentials and a diplomatic dress-coat, hunted about the country for a government without finding one, has settled down into a species of Celtic independence. Mr. Dunlop (unlike Montgomery and Stephens, who proceeded from the Atlantic) landed on the Pacific coast; and his personal observations were confined to the districts on the western side of the Andes. Here the four provinces of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Guatemala, had each governments of their own. Such, too, was the case with Honduras, on the Atlantic, and apparently with the Mosquito coast, if it be a state. These governments, however, were by no means stable, but liable to be overthrown by a rival province, or an internal revolution at a moment's notice. Security for person or property there is none, unless perhaps for Englishmen. Mr. Dunlop had not long arrived at San Miguel, in the state of San Salvador, before he had a sample of the posture of affairs.

"War had just been declared against the state of Guatemala, and the government were occupied in catching men for soldiers like wild cattle here and in all parts of the state, and raising money by forced contributions, so that the fair, which was about to take place, must prove an entire failure. Those who had anything to be robbed of were taking themselves off as quickly as possible, and the common people were hiding in the woods to avoid being taken for soldiers. My acquaintance, Don Chrosanto Medina, and a friend of his, a Spaniard, Don Francisca Geral, wished to make all their property over to me, to prevent its being seized for government contributions. I told them that they were welcome to do so, but that if it was seized I should not be able to claim it from the government through her Britannic majesty's consul, as he would probably require me to swear that the property was mine before making the claim. This difficulty seemed to surprise them a good deal, as a false oath is thought nothing of in Spanish America; and they tried the Jesuits' argument, 'that the oath would not be made for a bad purpose,' in order to get over my scruples; but, finding that they could not convince me, they were obliged to take other schemes for protecting their property. They managed so badly, that, as I afterwards learned, the government got 10,000 dollars from them."

The troops thus raised by kidnapping do not seem to be of the highest kind either in mettle or appearance. Here are some Nicaraguans, whom our author fell in with at Chinendega.

"The government of Nicaragua had for some time been urged by that of Saint Salvador to assist them against Guatemala, and had pretended to com-

ply about twenty days previously, sending forward 1,000 men ; but, instead of assisting San Salvador, they were conducted against Honduras, in which state the Grand Marshal Fonsecus, who is supreme in Nicaragua, hoped to effect a revolution. But it turned out very differently ; for the invaders, being attacked by a much inferior force of Honduras troops, fled in the most disgraceful manner, the soldiers throwing away their arms, and the officers their new uniforms, which they had made up in bundles to put on and exhibit in the capital of Honduras. The town of Chinendega was full of the runaways — the dirtiest mob of ragged rascals I ever beheld ; none had an entire shirt, and as for trousers, some had only one leg, the other being torn away. As usual in Central American wars, all the men ran away to the forest, leaving the women to take care of the houses ; judging, it would appear, that as they could not be taken for soldiers, they would only be improved by a little communication with the troops. There was not one laboring man in Chinendega."

In our notice of Stephens' book, we gave some account of the Indian Carrera, who, in 1839, at the head of an Indian army, had taken Guatemala, and established a naked dictatorship, as a partisan of the priests and aristocracy. Strange to say it, this man's authority is more permanent than that of the whites. His rule is, indeed, confined to the province of Guatemala ; but there he appears to be secure ; for even when a coup d'état had succeeded, it failed of permanent effect, from a cause rather creditable to Carrera, although Mr. Dunlop paints him very blackly.

" On the 2d of February, 1845, I witnessed what is called a revolution in Guatemala ; though, as the rising produced no change in the government, it should be more properly called an insurrection.

" Carrera having gone to his estate in the Altos, three long days' journey distant, a conspiracy was got up by a part of the self-called nobles of Guatemala, and other parties, whose names may probably never transpire, to change the government. The greater part of the soldiers, in number about three hundred, were tampered with, and, at a signal early in the morning, rushed to arms, deposed their officers, and breaking open the gaol led out all the prisoners ; among these was Colonel Monte Rosas, who was imprisoned on account of an attempted revolution the preceding year, and who was now put at the head of the insurgents.

" Being awoke in the morning by a continued firing, I imagined it was merely the celebration of the carnival, of which this was the first day, till a young man, a friend of the owner of the house where I was lodging, entered in the greatest terror, exclaiming, 'There is a revolution !' The firing soon ceased, the small part of the troops who adhered to Carrera's interest being killed and driven out of the city ; and the insurgents, having taken possession of the barracks and all the arms and ammunition, remained in undisputed possession for four days. During this time, accounts arrived that Carrera's brother and some of his officers were collecting troops to attack the city ; but as all the arms of the state were in possession of the insurgents, they were a good deal puzzled what to do ; and Carrera's brother, after approaching the city, retreated in confusion before a body of the insurgents, who sallied out to attack him. This victory was celebrated in Guatemala by ringing all the church-bells, firing guns, letting off crackers, &c. ; but it soon appeared that the triumph was premature, for none of the

respectable citizens joined Rosas ; considering him, it was said, to be as bad as, or worse than, Carrera.

" It appeared most surprising that such a set of desperadoes, as a large part of Monte Rosas' troops were, should have conducted themselves so moderately as they did ; they neither plundered nor committed any violence after the first outbreak was over, though, as usual, all the horses were taken for the officers. I saved those in the house where I was staying ; for when the officer came with a troop to take them, I appeared to answer his summons, and told him he had better leave alone the property of British subjects ; upon which he went away without touching them. As no attempts were made to barricade the streets, or take other means to defend the city, it was clear that Monte Rosas despaired of success when he saw that no respectable persons joined him ; and on the 6th he entered into a convention with the civic authorities, by which he was to receive 5,000 dollars, to divide among his troops, who were to march out of the city and deliver up their arms, not being further molested. This convention was, however, entirely disregarded by Carrera's party. His brother pursued and attacked the insurgents, who were dispersed and offered little resistance, killing a great many ; but Monte Rosas and most of the officers managed to escape to Mexico.

" Rafael Carrera, on the first account of the insurrection, had become quite desperate, and was thrown into a high fever ; during which he proposed to resign his authority and leave the state ; but hearing of the suppression of the revolt, he returned to Guatemala on the 10th, making a pompous entry, with 2,000 unarmed troops, or rather vagabonds whom his leaders had collected in the villages in hopes that they would be allowed to plunder Guatemala. Finding that nearly all the self-called nobles and most of the party who had raised him to power had favored the revolt, he prudently contented himself with minor victims. About ten were shot without any form of trial, one or two of whom were afterwards found actually to have been unfavorable to the revolt ; and the city was forced to collect 20,000 dollars as a gift to the vagabonds who had entered with Carrera."

In such a country, any of the appliances of civilization are not to be looked for, or at least will not be found. Roads are pretty much in a state of nature : and this is metropolitan fare.

" We entered Guatemala by the gate called Guardia Provincial, a little before sunset. After seeking about for lodgings an entire hour without success, I was forced, on the night setting in, to take up my quarters at one of the miserable public houses, called mesones, and serving as the residences of mule-drivers and native petty dealers. My dormitory was a small dirty room without a window ; and its furniture comprised an old deal table, a broken chair and a raw ox-skin stretched on a frame, to serve as a place for sleeping, here called a bed, though possessing none of the requisites usually considered as belonging to that luxurious piece of furniture in Europe, and as hard as stone.

" In spite of being pretty tired, as might be expected after a journey of 130 odd leagues over Central American roads with a rough trotting mule, the nature of my couch, combined with the attacks of innumerable fleas and all sorts of biting insects, proved as effectual an antidote of sleep as ever did the magic rod of Mercury.

" At daylight I got up in a complete fever ; and found the old man who passed for my servant,

(though really he had served me in nothing but to show me the road,) sleeping like a hog on the pavement outside my door, wrapped up in my poncho, which is a long figured blanket, with a hole in the middle to put the head through, and an indispensable article with all the natives of Central America. With some difficulty I roused him up; and, after a great deal of explanation, got, in about two hours' time, a cup of what was called coffee, though it had no resemblance to that pleasant drink as prepared in other parts of the world, a plate of a description of black kidney beans, called frijoles, and scraps of meat fried in rancid hog's lard; the two latter I sent away, and, after wasting another hour in explanations, succeeded at last in obtaining two boiled eggs and a roll of bread. The woman who brought them was in agony at not having been allowed to daub them over with hog's lard, and could not help exclaiming, 'Que jeute san los Ingleses!' (what extraordinary people these English are!) I may mention, that the word 'Ingles' (Englishmen) is applied to all strangers except Spaniards, in Central America."

A considerable portion if not the whole of the country is volcanic, and active volcanoes are pretty numerous. Mr. Dunlop ascended several; and observed all that came in his way; for which he was much better fitted by previous acquirements than either Stephens or Montgomery. This is his description of the volcano of Tormentos, in the district of Amatitlan.

"The volcano of Tormentos is much the highest of the three; and its name is derived from its being nearly always covered by dark, heavy clouds of black smoke, through which scattered gleams of fire are seen at night; but its top is rarely visible, being always concealed by sulphury vapors and dense smoke. Now and then, loud reports, like broken peals of thunder, and frequent shocks of earthquake, proceed from it.

"About eight, A. M. we reached the small village of Apacaga, which is about two leagues distant, in a direct line from the foot of the volcano; to which we proceeded (leaving our horses at the village) as direct as the rugged and broken nature of the country would permit; but we did not reach it till the sun had considerably declined to the horizon. We commenced the ascent amidst broken and charred rocks, intermixed with cinders and broken pieces of lava. After about two hours' hard toil we approached the part of the mountain which is covered with smoke; and the discordant noises we heard as we approached it became loud and terrific, while the ground shook as with one continued earthquake. Of a sudden we were enveloped amidst the smoke, and heard a loud explosion, which scattered ashes all around us. My guide exclaimed, 'O, santissima Maria somus perdidos!' (Oh, most holy Mary, we are lost!) and called out to me, 'For God's sake, let us return if it be possible;' but I felt so strong a curiosity to go on that I would not be deterred; so I answered, 'Go back if you like; nothing shall prevent my going forward.' Scrambling up like a cat among the cinders, which were in some places so hot as to burn my shoes—and guiding myself by the flashes of lightning which played about the volcano, and the direction from which the loudest noises proceeded, as the smoke entirely obscured the vision—I slowly ascended among the lava and cinders; which, however, occupied a good deal of time; and, in my eagerness to penetrate into the strange scene before me, I did not reflect that the day must be passing.

At last, a lurid glare penetrating from amongst the smoke, and the increased proximity and brilliancy of the flashes of lightning, accompanied by a noise like that of the burning of an immense furnace, showed my near approach to the grand centre of the volcano. I slowly proceeded towards it; but at last, feeling exhausted by my exertions, I sat down on a block of lava, and began to eat a piece of bread I carried in my pocket: but I was roused by a tremendous explosion, louder than any thunder I ever heard; an immense lurid flame rose from the crater, the intense light of which seemed to penetrate the smoke and illuminate all the neighboring country. The ground felt as if sinking below me. I felt myself thrown with violence among the ashes, and lay for some time stunned with the noise and blinded with the light. When after a little I recovered my observation, I heard the smothered roar of the volcano near, but faint, and saw the smoke slowly rising from the crater; the rocking of the ground had ceased, and the eruption seemed to have passed over; here and there a twinkling star appeared through the vapor, and the moon was for a moment seen now and then through the smoke: the dread solemnity of the scene might make an impression on the least sentimental.

"I sat still some time, as it were bewildered, looking at the red glare of the crater, which appeared like the chimney of a huge furnace. I then attempted to approach its edge; but the heat and suffocating vapors prevented my reaching it within about twenty or thirty yards. Being aware that it would be impossible to find my way among the precipices forming the sides of the mountain at night, I waited till the gray light penetrating through the smoke announced the approach of day; and, having found a more accessible path than that by which I had ascended, emerged from the smoke just as the sun was rising clear behind the eastern hills, and the sky of an azure blue without the least speck or cloud. In about two hours more I reached the rugged plain below the mountain of thunders, and winding my way to the village found my guide waiting, though it appeared with little hope of again seeing me."

The district of Amatitlan, where Mr. Dunlop resided for some months in charge of a cochineal plantation, also abounds in hot springs and hot earth.

"The wells in the town are all of brackish water, having a mixture of alum and salt; but those in most parts of the suburbs and neighborhood are all of hot water, free from any considerable mixture of minerals. In one, which I got opened in the Rincon, the site of most of the larger cochineal plantations, the heat became intense after ten yards had been excavated; at twenty, the ground thrown out was so hot as almost to burn my hands. Two men who had engaged to open the well abandoned it: at last I found a third, of a salamander nature, who, for a high reward, engaged to follow it till he found water; which he did at thirty-two yards' depth, but actually boiling.

"The heat in this well was so intense that I wonder how any human being could endure it. On one occasion I descended about half-way, but found I should have fainted had I gone any lower: the ground where this well was opened was situated rather high; but in the low grounds near the lake and river, boiling water is to be met with everywhere at a depth of two or three yards, and in many places rises spontaneously to the surface; early in the morning before sunrise, if the hand be placed

upon the ground it feels quite hot, and the steam may be seen ascending through the pores of the earth in all parts."

There is a good précis of the various projects that have been put forward to connect the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, by improving the existing water-way and cutting a canal; with interesting accounts of the cultivation of coffee, cochineal, and other productions. The volume also contains a sketch of the history of Guatemala from the declaration of independence in 1821 down to last year, and an account of the country and people; in both of which the text of the travels is often illustrated, and sometimes repeated.

From the Spectator.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO

Is a picture of Irish manners and social opinions, such as they existed towards the close of the last century, when "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea" was an "independent" or rather an isolated kingdom, and the Union had not deprived Ireland of her "nationality," which, sooth to say, was not much to boast of. A little more allowance should perhaps be made for former times than is made by the author of the volume before us. If we abstract the peculiar cruelty or ferocity of the Celtic and the rich grotesqueness of the Irish character from the picture, rate Ireland a hundred or a hundred and fifty years behind England and France, and look at the scenes that were enacted in the streets of Paris and London by the fashionable broods of the seventeenth century, the mere riots, drunkenness, duellings, and so forth, of this volume, will not of themselves seem so very unexampled. It is the peculiar "character" they possess, the mixture of the horrible and the ludicrous, with the richness over all, that chiefly gives piquancy to the matter. At the same time, some things are Irish enough, and show both the lawlessness of the country and the moral obliquity of the people: abduction, for example.

"Abduction, or forcibly carrying off heiresses, was another of those crying evils which formerly afflicted Ireland; but it was an outrage so agreeable to the spirit of the times, and so congenial to the ardent and romantic character of the natives, that it was considered an achievement creditable to the man, and a matter of boast and exultation to the woman. * * * *

"An association was formed in the south of Ireland which could not have existed in any other country. This association was 'an abduction club,' the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits; and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life.

"The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland called 'squires.' They were the younger sons or connexions of respectable families, having

little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demean themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit."

The topics of these *Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago* are pretty numerous. The outward life of the capital exhibits the general state of Dublin society, in its street rows, fights, &c., with some now extinct genera—such as civic processions and shoe-blacks. Duelling and duelists occupy a prominent place, with abductions, as we have seen: the whole story of the Misses Kennedy is told at length, with the execution of the two gentlemen ruffians who carried them off. The "conviviality" of those days, and various other social traits of the "men of '98" and earlier, are presented to the reader; with biographical notices of several remarkable persons, exemplars of the "very age and body of the time." There are also several topics that have a less appropriate place in the Irish social picture—such as slang songs, robbers, and executions; which might be matched in this country during that age, or possibly later. Lord Clare's visitation of the Dublin University to inquire into secret societies, to which Moore alludes in his biographical prefaces, appears to have been used because the writer had been furnished with the materials. A few other topics are general—"humors," as our ancestors would have said, embodied in a club or society, but not containing anything peculiarly Irish beyond the locality and the general traits.

To what degree of originality, or derivation of knowledge direct from life, *Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago* may be entitled, is not quite certain. The author frequently speaks from himself; but there seems little in his statements which could not be acquired from memoirs and periodical works of the day, well digested. Sometimes he evidently derives particular facts or anecdotes from living witnesses; at other times he draws upon authorities whom he mentions; and now and then he goes back to a period beyond the memory of living man. But, whether reading or memory has chiefly assisted in the production, it furnishes a remarkable picture of society which existed within the recollection of thousands now alive. Travelling observers speak of the great economical advances that have been made in Ireland of late years, in improved houses and the other appliances of comfort and accommodation; yet the improvement in what may be termed social morals would seem to have been far greater. Scenes like these are no longer enacted in Dublin.

"Among the lower orders, a feud and deadly hostility had grown up between the Liberty boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market, on Ormond Quay, which caused frequent conflicts; and it is in the memory of many now living, that the streets, and particularly the quays and bridges, were impassable in consequence of the battles of these parties. The weavers, descending from the upper regions beyond Thomas street, poured down on their opponents below; they were opposed by the butchers; and a contest commenced on the quays which extended from Essex to Island Bridge. The shops were closed, all business suspended, the sober and peaceable compelled to keep their houses; and those whose occasions led them through the streets where the belligerents were engaged were stopped; while the war of stones and other missiles was carried on across the river, and the bridges were taken and retaken by the hostile parties. It will hardly be believed, that for whole days the intercourse of the city was interrupted by the feuds of

these factions. The few miserable watchmen, inefficient for any purpose of protection, looked on in terror, and thought themselves well acquitted of their duty if they escaped from stick and stone. A friend of ours has told us that he has gone down to Essex Bridge, when he has been informed that one of these battles was raging, and stood quietly on the battlements for a whole day looking at the combat, in which above a thousand men were engaged. *

“ These feuds terminated sometimes in frightful excesses. The butchers used their knives, not to stab their opponents, but for a purpose then common in the barbarous state of Irish society, to *hough* or cut the tendon of the leg, thereby rendering the person incurably lame for life. On one occasion, after a defeat of the Ormond boys, those of the Liberty retaliated in a manner still more barbarous and revolting: they dragged the persons they seized to their market, and, dislodging the meat they found there, hooked the men by the jaws, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging on their own stalls.

“ The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate or even be seen with an honest merchant however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters. The students of Trinity College were particularly prone to join in the affrays between the belligerents, and generally united their forces to those of the Liberty boys against the butchers. On one occasion, several of them were seized by the latter, and, to the great terror of their friends, it was reported they were hanged up in the stalls, in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond Market: there they saw a frightful spectacle—a number of college lads in their gowns and caps hanging to the hooks. On examination, however, it was found that the butchers, pitying their youth, and respecting their rank, had only hung them by the waistbands of their breeches, where they remained as helpless, indeed, as if they were suspended by the neck.”

IRISH BUCKS.

“ It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords which every one then wore, and prick or ‘ pink’ the persons with whom they quarrelled, with naked points, which were sufficiently protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to ‘ bucks’ going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair elaborately dressed and powdered. The disappointment of a barber was therefore a sentence of exclusion from a dinner, supper party, or a ball, where a fashionable man might as well appear without his head as without powder and pomatum. When any unfortunate triseur disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for his delinquency.

“ There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called ‘ Lucas,’ where the Royal Exchange now

stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning gown; and if any person in walking across the room happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for the supposed insolence. On one occasion, an old gentleman who witnessed the transaction informed us, a plain man, of a genteel appearance, crossed the room for a newspaper, as one of the bucks of the day was passing, and touched the prohibited train accidentally with his foot. The sword of the owner was instantly out; and as every one then carried a sword, the offending man also drew his, a small tuck, which he carried as an appendage to dress, without at all intending or knowing how to use it. Pressed upon by his ferocious antagonist, he was driven back to the wall, to which the buck was about to pin him. As the latter drew back for the lunge, his terrified opponent, in an impulse of self-preservation, sprang within his point, and without aim or design pierced him through the body. The buck was notorious for his skill in fencing, and had killed or wounded several adversaries. This opportune check was as salutary in its effects at the coffee-house as the punishment of Kelly was at the theatre.”

From the Evening Post.

THE INSIDE OF AN ENGLISH OMNIBUS.

By the invention of the omnibus all the world keeps its coach! And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No “ plague with servants;” no expense for liveries; no coachmakers’ and horse-doctors’ bills; no keeping one’s fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good-by and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it at all till we want it; and then it either comes to one’s door, or you go forth and in a few minutes see it hulling up the street—a man-of-war among coaches—the whale’s back in the metropolitan flood—while the driver is beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant, on his back.

We cannot say much for the beauty of the omnibus; but there is a certain might of utility in its very bulk which supersedes the necessity of beauty, as in the case of the whale itself, or in the idea that we entertain of Dr. Johnson, who shouldered porters as he went, and “ laughed like a rhinoceros.” Enter the omnibus in its own proper person. If a morning omnibus, it is full of clerks and merchants; if a noon, of chance fares; if a night, of returning citizens, and fathers of families; if at midnight, of play-goers and gentlemen lax with stiff glasses of brandy and water.

Being one of the chance fares, we enter an omnibus which has yet no other inside passenger; and, having no book with us, we make intense acquaintance with two objects; the one being the heel of an outside passenger’s boot, who is sitting on the coach-top, and the other that universally-studied bit of literature which is inscribed at the further end of every such vehicle, and which purports that it is under the royal and charming jurisdiction of the young lady now reigning over us, V. R., by whom it is permitted to carry “ twelve inside passengers, and no more;” thus showing extreme consideration on her majesty’s part, and that she

will not have the sides of her loving subjects squeezed together like figs.

Enter a precise personage, probably a Methodist, certainly "well off," who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the omnibus; that is to say, at equal distances between the two extremities; because it is the spot in which you least feel the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he hems and adjusts a glove, or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maid-servant, flustered with the fear of being too late, and reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the omnibus pitches her against the precisian, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colors and big earrings, excessively flounced and ringleted, and seats herself opposite the maid-servant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better.

Enter two more young ladies in white, who pass to the other end, in order to be out of the way of the knees and boots of those who quit. They whisper and giggle much, and are quizzing the young lady in the red and ringlets; who, for her part, (though she knows it, and could squeeze all their bonnets together for rage,) looks as firm and unconcerned as a statue.

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and unaware of the secret disgust of the Methodist.

Item, an old gentleman; then a very fat man; then two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommodous presence of her counterpart, while the other, full of good humor, is comforted by it. The youngest has in the mean time gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face, neck-cloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us. Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care, an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at! Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room in a chair, how he would get up and walk away. But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories.

We sigh for his plethora with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has perhaps acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. Fat men always appear to be "good fellows" unless there is some manifest proof to the contrary; so we wish, for his sake, that everybody in this world could do just as he pleased, and die of a very dropsy of delight.

Exeunt our fat friend and the more ill-humored of the two fat women; and enter in their places two young mothers; one with a good-humored child, a female; the other with a great, handsome, red-cheeked, wilful boy, all flounce, and hat and feathers and red legs, who is eating a bun, and who seems resolved that the other child, who does nothing but look at it, shall not partake a morsel. His mother, who "snubs" him one instant, and lets him have his way the next, has been a spoiled child herself, and is doing her best to learn to repent the sorrow she caused her own mother by the time she is a dozen years older. The elderly gentleman compliments the boy on his likeness to his mamma, who laughs and says he is "very polite." As to the young gentleman, he fancies he is asked for a piece of his bun, and falls a kicking; and the young lady in ringlets tosses her head.

Exit the Methodist, and enter an affable man, who, having protested it is very cold, and lamented a stoppage, and vented the original remark that you gain nothing by an omnibus in point of time, subsides into an elegant silence; but he is fastened upon by the man with the bundle, who, encouraged by his apparent good nature, tells him, in an undertone, some anecdotes relative to his own experience of omnibuses; which the affable gentleman endures with a variety of assenting exclamations, intended quite as much to stop as to encourage, not one of which succeeds; such as "Ah," "Oh," "Indeed," "Precisely," "I dare say," "I see," "Really," "Very likely," jerking the top of his stick occasionally against his mouth as he speaks, and nobody pitying him.

Meantime, the good-humored fat woman having expressed a wish to have a window closed, which the ill-humored one had taken upon her to open, and the two young ladies in the corner giving their assent, but none of the three being able to pull it up, the elderly gentleman, in an ardor of gallantry, anxious to show his pleasing combination of strength and tenderness, exclaims, "Permit me;" and, jumping up, cannot do it at all. The window cruelly sticks fast. It only brings up all the blood into his face with the mingled shame and incompetence of the endeavor. He is a conscientious kind of incapable, however, is the elderly gentleman; so he calls in the conductor, who does it in an instant. "He knows the trick," says the elderly gentleman. "It's only a little bit new," says the conductor, who has to be called in.

Exeunt elderly and the maid-servant, and enter an unreflecting young gentleman who has bought an orange, and must needs eat it immediately.

He accordingly begins by peeling it, and is first made aware of the delicacy of his position by the giggle of the two young ladies and his doubt where he shall throw the peel. He is "in for it," however, and must proceed; so, being unable to divide the orange into its segments, he ventures upon a great liquid bite, which resounds through the omnibus, and covers the whole lower part of his face with pip and drip. The young lady with the ringlets is right before him. The two other young ladies stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and he, into his own mouth, the whole of the rest of the fruit, "sloshy" and too big, with desperation in his heart and tears in his eyes. Never will he eat an orange again in an omnibus; he doubts whether he shall even venture upon one at all in the presence of his friends, the Miss Wilkinsons.

Enter, at various times, an irascible gentleman,

who is constantly threatening to go out, a long-legged dragoon, at whose advent the young ladies are smit with sudden gravity and apparent dejection; a young sailor, with a face innocent of everything but pride in his slops, who says his mother does not like his going to sea; a gentleman with a book, which we long to ask him to let us look at; a man with a dog, which embitters the feet and ankles of a sharp-visaged old lady, and completes her horror by getting on the empty seat next her and looking out of the window; divers bankers' clerks and tradesmen, who think of nothing but the bills in their pockets; two estranged friends, *ignoring* each other; a pompous fellow, who suddenly looks modest and bewitched, having detected a baronet in the corner; a botanist, with his tin *herbarium*; a young married couple, assuming a right to be fond in public; another from the country, who exalt all the rest of the passengers in self-opinion by betraying the amazing fact that they have never before seen Piccadilly; a footman, intensely clean in his habiliments, and very respectful, for his hat subdues him, as well as the strange feeling of sitting inside; four boys going to school, very pudding-faced, and not knowing how to behave, (one pulls a string and top half way out of his pocket, and all reply to questions in monosyllables;) a person with a constant smile on his face, having just cheated another in a bargain; close to him a very melancholy person, going to see a daughter on her death-bed, and not hearing a single one of the cheater's happy remarks; a French lady, looking at once amiable and worldly—hard, as it were, in the midst of her softness, or soft in the midst of her hardness—which you will—probably an actress or a teacher; two immense whiskered Italians, uttering their delicious language with a precision which shows that they are singers; a man in a smock-frock, who, by his sitting on the edge of the seat, and perpetually watching his time to go out, seems to make a constant apology for his presence; ditto, a man with some huge mysterious accompaniment of mechanism or implement of trade, too big to be lawfully carried inside; a pendant or a fop, ostentatious of some ancient or foreign language, or talking of a lord; all sorts of people talking of the weather, and the harvest, and the queen, and the last bit of news; in short, every description of age, rank, temper, occupation, appearance, life, character, and behavior, from the thorough gentleman, who quietly gives himself a lift out of the rain, secure in his easy, unaffected manner, and his accommodating good breeding, down to the blackguard who attempts to thrust his opinion down the throat of his neighbor, or keeps his leg thrust out across the doorway, or lets his umbrella drip against a sick child.

Tempers are exhibited most at night, because people by that time have dined and drunk, and finished their labors, and because the act of going home serves to bring out the domestic habit. You do not then, indeed, so often see the happy fatigue delighted with the sudden opportunity of rest; nor the anxious look, as if it feared its journey's end; nor the bursting one, eager to get there. The seats are most commonly reckoned upon, and more allowance is made for delays, though some passengers make a point of always being in a state of indignation and ill treatment, and express an impatience to get home, as if their homes were a paradise, (which is assuredly what it is not to those who expect them there.) But at night tongues are loosened, wills and pleasures more freely expressed, and faces rendered less bashful by the comparative

darkness. It is then that the jovial "old boy" lets out the secret of his having dined somewhere, perhaps at some company's feast in Goldsmith's or Stationer's Hall, and it is with difficulty he hinders himself from singing. Then the arbitrary or the purse-proud are wrathful if they are not driven up to the identical inch of curbstone fronting their door; then the incontinent nature, heedless of anything but its own satisfaction, snores in its corner; then politicians are loud, and gay fellows gallant, especially if they are old and ugly; and lovers, who seem unconscious of one another's presence, are intensely the reverse; then also the pickpocket is luckiest at his circumventions, and the lady, about to pay her fare, suddenly misses her reticule. Chiefly, now, also, sixpences, nay, purses, are missed in the straw, and lights are brought to look for it, and the conductor is in an agonizing perplexity whether to pronounce the loser an impudent cheat, or to love him for being an innocent and a ninny.

Finally, now is the time when selfishness and generosity are most exhibited. It rains, and the coach is full; a lady applies for admittance; a gentleman offers to go outside; and, according to the natures of the various passengers, he is despised or respected accordingly. It rains horribly; a "young woman" applies for admittance; the coach is overstocked already; a crapulous fellow, who has been allowed to come in by special favor, protests against the exercise of the like charity to a female, (we have seen it!) and is secretly detested by the least generous; a similar gentleman to the above offers to take the applicant on his knee, if she has no objection, and she enters accordingly, and sits. Is she pretty? Is she ugly? Above all, is she good-humored?—a question of some concern, even to the least interested of knee givers. On the other hand, is the gentleman young or old, pleasant or disagreeable, a real gentleman, or only a formal "old frump," who has hardly a right to be civil! At length the parties get a look at one another, the gentleman first, the young lady suddenly from under her bonnet. Ought she to have looked at all? And what is the particular retrospective expression which she instinctively chooses out of many when she has looked? It is a nice question, varying according to circumstances. "Making room" for a fair interloper is no such dilemma as that; though we may be allowed to think that the pleasure is greatly enhanced by the pleasantness of the countenance. It is astonishing how much grace is put even into the tip of an elbow by the turn of an eye!

There is a reflection which all omnibus passengers are agreed upon, and which every one of them perhaps has made, without exception, in the course of their intellectual reciprocities, which is, "that omnibuses are very convenient;" "an astonishing accommodation to the public;" not quick—save little time, (as aforesaid)—and the conductors are very tiresome; but a most useful invention, and wonderfully cheap. There are also certain things which almost all omnibus passengers do; such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new comer further up than he likes; and all people stumble, forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the hands of a fellow-passenger. Among the evils are

dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavor to convenience themselves at everybody's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remonstrated with, without really doing it. Item, cramps in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backwards underneath the seat, in making way for a new comer—the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity, that sets the man opposite to him laughing. Item, cruel treading upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstasy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous—the inflictor, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say, "Very sorry" in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency.

Among the pleasures also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the omnibus finally to yourself, readjusting yourself in a corner betwixt slumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite; though as the will becomes piqued in proportion to the luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a night-cap.

The last lingerers on these occasions (with the exception of play-goers) are apt to be staid suburb-dwelling citizens; sitters with hands crossed upon their walking sticks; men of parcels and eatables, breakers of last baskets of oranges, chuckling over their bargains. There's one in the corner sleeping; the last of the dwellers in Paddington. To deposit him at his door is the sole remaining task of the conductor. He wakes up; hands forth a bag of apples, a tongue, a bonnet, and four pairs of ladies' shoes. A most considerate spouse and "papa" is he, and a most worthy and flourishing hosier. Venerable is his lax throat in his bit of white neck-cloth, (he has never taken to black;) but jovially also he shakes his wrinkles, if you talk of the stationer's window or the last city feast.

"Don't drop them ladies' shoes, Tom," says he, chuckling; "they'll be worn out before their time."

"Werry expensive, I believe, sir, them 'ere kind o' shoes," says Tom.

"Very; oh, sadly. And no better than paper. But men well to do in the world can't live as cheap as poor ones."

Tom thinks this a very odd proposition, but it does not disconcert him. Nothing disconcerts a conductor, except a passenger without a sixpence.

"True, sir," says Tom; "it's a hard case to be forced to spend one's money; but then you know—I beg pardon," (with a tone of modest deference and secret contempt,) "it's much harder as they say, where there's none to spend."

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, yes, eh!" returns the old gentleman, again chuckling; "so there's your sixpence, Tom, and good night."

"Good night, sir." And up jumps Tom on the coach-box, where he amuses the driver with an account of the dirt which the hosier has got from the coach-wheel, without his knowing it; and off they go to a far less good supper, but, it must be added, a much better sleep than the rich old citizen.—*Leigh Hunt.*

ITALY AND THE POPE.

ITALIAN independence and Austrian oppression seem to be on the eve of a struggle for life and

death. More connected accounts from Rome and other parts of Italy leave no doubt that the conspiracy detected in the middle of last month was a deliberate and extensive plot, contrived with the knowledge and sanction of Austria, to bring destruction upon the government of Pius the Ninth, and so to destroy the prospect of Italian nationality which has at last dawned upon the peninsula. The plan appears now to be thoroughly understood. It was to create a bloody anarchy in Rome; to abduct the pope, in a compulsory flight of pretended safety to Naples; and to call for the intervention of Austria. The name of France is associated with that of Austria in the report. It is proper that the actual situation of affairs in Italy should be thoroughly comprehended. The pope has introduced the political spirit of western Europe, that of responsible government, into the strong-hold of Italian absolutism; he has inspired his people with confidence, and has created the spectacle, unknown to modern Italy, of a people and a government acting in concert. That his moderate but firm policy is practical—that it is really bolder and stronger than more violent demonstrations—is shown by the traitorous hostility which it has excited. Austria has roused herself to the contest, not with a band of rebels, but with Italy and her pontiff. The people of Italy will side with their Holy Father.

Formerly, if Austria crossed her own boundary into Italy, France also occupied some commanding position. At present the family of Louis Philippe is bent, for family objects, on conciliating Austria. The ministerial organs in Paris have endeavored to make light of the momentous crisis in Italy—to treat it first as a hoax, and then as a trifle exaggerated. M. Guizot speaks eloquently and well of Pius and his works: we hope there is to be no *connivance* by the government of France at the invasion of Italy which Austria has already begun. Now gathered together under their native prince, with other princes of the peninsula sure to join their forces, the people of Italy are able to achieve their own independence. They have for the first time attained that possibility, in this year 1847. But they are not strong enough, not perhaps sufficiently hardened in war or in mutual faith, to cope with Austria and France united.

But it is impossible that they can remain exposed to that unnatural alliance. If ever England was bound to speak up for humanity and freedom, this is the time. The fate of Italy hangs on the lips of statesmen inured to the vindication of freedom and national rights: at a word from England, the French people will rouse itself to the popular mission, and force its government to obey the spirit of France instead of Austria. Let the English people understand that a passive policy at this moment is really connivance at handing over Italy to hopeless thrall.—*Spectator*, Aug. 7th.

AUSTRIA holds her menacing attitude in Italy; while the pope maintains a firm front, and continues his popular measures. The Austrian government has seen fit to notify, that if disturbances arise in the Papal State, it shall hold the Roman government incapable of preserving order, and shall interpose! For generations Rome has not had a government so capable of preserving order as the present. But the demonstration of Austria has an obvious meaning, and a scarcely less apparent connection with the recent conspiracy in Rome. The pope's government has replied by strengthening its northern frontier. Meanwhile, the National Guard is organized, and induced with a costume recalling

the warlike independence of ancient Rome. The representatives of the states have been nominated, and are to assemble as a deliberative council forthwith. The pontiff shows that he is not to be turned from his purpose by threats.—*Spectator*, 14 Aug.

WHAT ARE FRANCE AND ENGLAND DOING IN ITALY?—Those who are interested in the welfare of Italy cannot at this moment be exempt from the utmost anxiety to know what is the actual position assumed by the official representatives of France and England, M. Guizot and Lord Palmerston. By the license of diplomatic reserve, all remains in secrecy as black as night.

M. Guizot has made a speech in the French chambers, which, on first reading, seems to remove the worst anxiety respecting the course that France might take. It was feared that France would act with Austria. M. Guizot eulogizes Pius the Ninth and his reforms: it is inferred that M. Guizot perceives how impossible would be for the French people to permit its government to side with absolutist Austria against the great conservative reformer of Rome. Pius the Ninth reconciles and unites all views opposed to the deadly sway of absolutism—the nationality and freedom of Young Italy, the political moving which is the great aim of French propagandism, the practical substance and moderation of English opinions: on his side should the support of those great influences be united; and M. Guizot must know if a French minister did not bear his part in that glorious congress the French would brand him as a traitor to themselves. His speech is intended to damp such a suspicion. But on close examination it is found to want any satisfactory assurance that M. Guizot will not act on the side of Austria. M. Guizot lauds the reforms of Pius, but presumes that he will maintain the principles “of authority, order, and *perpetuity* in the world;” now the eminent historian must well know that the existence of Austria in Italy is totally incompatible with the conterminous existence of free and reformed states in the Roman and Sardinian dominions: reform and “perpetuity,” therefore, are incompatible in Italy. In one conventional sense, reform and the maintenance of “order” are also incompatible: struggling for existence, Austria will struggle against reform, and will allege that to regenerate Italy is to murder her. Very likely. The regeneration of Italy and the expulsion of Austria can as little be separated as you can divorce to-day and to-morrow. M. Guizot knows that the tenure of Austria will be annulled by the regeneration of Italy. When, therefore, he makes the *status quo* a condition of French support, he makes a promise which bears concealed in it what may prove a treacherous negative. He declines to explain what steps France has actually taken in consequence of the Austrian inroad on Ferrara. His language is equivocal, his silence ugly.

Respecting the conduct of Lord Palmerston, the English are kept in still more complete ignorance.

We have already remarked that on the bearing of England and France it depends whether fair play shall be secured to the Italians—whether Italy shall recover her place among the nations, and institutions as free as those which in former ages developed her still surviving and surpassing genius; or whether she shall be remanded to prison—handed over to another Austrian era. The French and English peoples can have no hesitation in their choice of a policy. The conduct of M. Guizot and Lord Palmerston may have been all that it ought to be: but

suppose it were otherwise—what a frightful thing for France, or for England, to discover that her public servant had been so acting, in the name of his country, the champion of freedom, as to hand over Italy to another Austrian era! Respect for either people would dictate some assurance on this point.—*Spectator*, 14 Aug.

ITALIAN REGENERATION.—The criminal and foolish conspiracy of the Austrian and retrograde party in Rome has allowed the liberal cause in that city and in Italy to take a stride, which it still would have required a long interval to do, in quiet times, and under the pope's moderate impulse. The effect of this conspiracy has been to discredit, and in a great measure to disband the regular military force, the carabiniers, and at the same time to arm and enrol the citizens in a national guard.

If this simple movement be followed up, as it no doubt has been, by the arming of the inhabitants of the towns of the Romagna, the revolution of Central Italy has been accomplished. At least there is no Italian force that can put it down. Government may get as revolutionary as it pleases, a retrograde pope may be substituted for a liberal one. But a national guard once armed and established, the citizens, or other public men, are the controllers of the policy to be pursued.

In Spain this has been the great question between contending parties, even of the liberals—a national guard, or no national guard! The question was complicated in that country by the war, and the necessity, as well as habit, of keeping up a large standing army, which created a military party, a galaxy of general officers, and thousands of young officers who aspired to be generals. These allied with the ministry, the princesses, and the court to put down the national guard, and France was always ready to help the soldiers against the citizens.

In Italy there is no military force, none at least of importance enough to form a profession connected with the aristocracy, with courts and with influential classes. Even if this be the case in Piedmont and Naples, it does not exist in Central Italy. There, at least, the national guard has no rival. And hitherto, moreover, the Roman aristocracy and the Roman people have advanced arm in arm, without jealousy or diverging interest. If the tribune, Cicerocchio, discover a plot, it is to the Casino of nobles that he runs with the discovery. If the young nobles perceive that the people are misled by designing agents, it is to Cicerocchio they recur to undeceive the populace. The liberals of Italy thus promise to keep compact and not to split, like those of Spain, for the advantage of the foes of freedom and of the country.

But at the same time, it must be perceived that Austria cannot sit down quietly and permit the Italian development and civic armament to take place. If in any cause she would risk a war, it would be for this, for her Lombard dominions are seriously endangered by it. It may, therefore, be assumed as an axiom, that Austria will intervene with an army to put down the rising liberties of Rome, unless other powers seem prepared to intervene in opposition to her. Unfortunately, there is too good reason for supposing that Prince Metternich has Louis Philippe in his pocket, and that for certain considerations France will not stir to Italian rescue. Since his coldness with England, the king of the French has drawn closer to the court of Vienna, and will not advance alone and unaided to thwart it. The knowledge of this emboldens Austria. She

has already despatched her Croats to occupy Ferrara. And at the first movement in Bologna, they may be expected to march and occupy the capital city of the legations, thus preventing by their presence the establishment of a national guard, of a free press, or of any of the institutions given by the pope.

If M. Guizot suffers this, will the French public support or tolerate it? M. Guizot is still master, and will remain so during the recess; but any great and flagrant subserviency to Austria, or any delivery up of Italy to the Double Eagle, might raise a storm in France that even Louis Philippe could not stem. The crisis is serious and interesting. Italy, we have no doubt, will form the key-stone of European politics for the latter half of 1847.—*Examiner*, 7 Aug.

DEATH TURNED TO LIFE.

Our bad sanitary regulations daily doom to death human beings under influences which might be converted to support the life of the same creatures. The refuse of towns exhales poison which annually kills thousands of Queen Victoria's subjects; but the same refuse is capable of being converted by science into a fertilizing substance which would support the life of far greater numbers. Drainage and manuring are correlative processes.

Our readers are already aware of the process discovered by M. Ledoyer and reported upon by government commissioners. Its disinfecting powers are surprising. Another process has been devised by Mr. Charles Ellerman; whose pamphlet, now before us,* refers for testimony to occurrences which are easily ascertained. The object is to neutralize the noxious gases which are disengaged in the decomposition of feculent matter, without diminishing its fertilizing property. This is effected by adding to the feculent matter a chemical substance which unites with the noxious gases and forms a third substance that is not noxious. Such is the effect ascribed to M. Ledoyer's process by the government commissioners. Such is the effect claimed for his preparation by Mr. Ellerman; and he cites some striking facts. A large undrained barrack at Brussels was disinfected by the use of his material, instantaneously. An immense horse-slaughter-house, in the Plaine des Vertus near Paris, was condemned to removal as a nuisance; Mr. Ellerman's process was resorted to; the noxious effluvia were totally neutralized, and the slaughter-house remains. The like results were obtained in the case of a large slaughter-house at Saumur, used as a manufactory of artificial manure. And the product obtained by the process is highly fertilizing. We have seen a luxuriant growth of maize, in the neighborhood of London, springing from the open soil prepared solely by M. Ledoyer's fluid.

This week we record a shocking case of a man stifled by the pestilent effluvia in the yard of a low lodging-house in Long Acre; he was killed outright; but the health of the whole neighborhood was poisoned. Now let science step in, and that source of death is actually converted into a means of life, by a process both easy and cheap.

Dr. Southwood Smith and his brother commissioners give a caution against the notion that "disinfection" can supersede the necessity of removing

all refuse from dwelling-houses. But it is evident that disinfecting processes may materially modify the modes of removal; and in framing sanatory laws, an eye should be had to taking advantage of every improvement in this still imperfect branch of scientific inquiry.—*Spectator*.

QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—Released from the cares of state and toils of "the season," Queen Victoria, with her husband and part of her family, is off to Scotland; voyaging round the western coast, hitherto unvisited by the royal squadron. One parting privy council was held at Osborne House, to prorogue the troublesome parliament; but the last days were spent at Osborne in pleasure rather than business—parties to the poor town-tied ministers, farewell courtesies to the Russian Prince Constantine, birth-day sports for little Prince Alfred, and the like. At length all hindrances were got rid of, the queen embarked, and the squadron sailed. The foggy weather has rendered its progress slow. England is in a ferment at its southern and western edge with good folks eager to catch a sight of the passing sovereign. Pauper Ireland will loom in the distance—passed with a sigh. But all Scotland is gathering to the banks of the Frith of Clyde, impatient for the fleet which bears its queen.—*Spect.*

From the *Examiner*.

THE REJECTED AND THE ELECT.

WHEN we see what certain constituencies have thrown away, what an exalted idea must be formed of what they have preferred to the rejected! We know pretty well, for example, what Mr. Macaulay is—the most eloquent speaker and writer of his time, a man of wonderful gifts and attainments, one of the ornaments of our not over-ornamented age, and withal of unimpeachable consistency and integrity; but the good folks of Edinburgh have found greater merits in one Mr. C. Cowan, and have chosen him and flung away Mr. Macaulay. What a genius, then, this Mr. C. Cowan must be! How wonderful must be his eloquence, how vast his powers of mind, how inexhaustible his knowledge! How eager the world will be for the session, to hear the first speech of Mr. C. Cowan, the greater than Macaulay! Edinburgh prides itself on its intellect, and we may be sure that it knew what it was about in sending us its Cowan, and that a prodigy is about to burst on us. But other places, too, have made their grand discoveries. Lincoln had before it the tried, the proved, the brilliant services of Sir E. B. Lytton, who has done more various things at a high pitch of excellence than any other man of the time—essayist, novelist, poet, dramatist, and statesman; but Lincoln has found his superior in Mr. Seeley, whose name and fame will soon eclipse those of Bulwer.

Mr. Roebuck we used to account a man of some mark. He is one of the best speakers and most powerful thinkers of our time, and is bold and resolute to a fault; but Bath has found his equal, and more than his equal, in Lord Ashley, who has hitherto been playing the Achilles in petticoats, but who will soon break upon us as the people's champion of mighty prowess.

Mr. B. Hawes had a pretty high reputation for judgment, for rectitude, for consistency; he took office, and his constituency marked their approval by his reelection. They did right. Lambeth is essentially a middle-class borough. Its representative belonging to the middle class, and emerging

* "Disinfection; or Remarks on the Health of Towns and the Manufacture of Inodorous Azotized Manure from Animal and Vegetable Matter. By Charles F. Ellerman, Esq. late Hanoverian Consul at Antwerp."

from trade, had by virtue of his talents and conduct advanced himself to a position on a footing with the aristocracy of birth. He had climbed uprightly, no one could charge him with having made his way by any unworthy means. It was for the middle-class electors of Lambeth to decide by their suffrages whether the advancement of a middle-class man to power through most unimpeachable and honorable means was satisfactory to them or not—whether they would proscribe their own order or not—whether they would set narrow bounds to its career, and say, Thus far, and no farther;—whether it would infamize its class by implying that members of it could not be trusted within reach of the seductions of office; and that the only way to keep them serviceably honest is to exclude them from power, yielding up the government solely and wholly to the aristocratic orders. They did not so decide. They did not, in the words of the homely proverbs, “cry stinking fish,” or “dirty their own nest.” The liberal government had not thought a member of the middle class disqualified for office by his caste, and the Lambeth electors did not then hold one of their caste disqualified for their representation by his honorable place in the government at the right hand of Lord Grey. They had not thought of reflecting such dishonor on their class. It had not occurred to them to circumscribe the honorable ambition of their order, and to rule that men without the aristocratic advantages and their interests in the small boroughs should not rise to the possession of any share of power in the government. So Mr. Hawes was re-elected; and since then he has of necessity been to some degree less independent, as every man in office must be, and as his constituency must have known he would be when they re-elected him; but, on the other hand, he has been rendering the greater services to the public which attend the possession of power in combination with the soundest principles, and well-directed abilities. But this man, so long useful as an independent member, and doubly useful as a ministerial one in the important colonial department, is set aside for the greater merits of Mr. C. Pearson, city solicitor.

There was a time when Mr. C. Pearson was sufficiently well known as a pleasant wag, and a flaming patriot; but he dropped into a snug city berth, and from that time we have only had occasion to notice in him the sorry apologist or champion of city abuses. In his comparative retirement, however, he must have cultivated his mind and morals to such purpose as to make him the superior in the judgment of Lambeth to Mr. Hawes.

In another metropolitan borough, a better man than the cordial and frank General Fox, a whig of the old school in sturdiness, and of the new in enlightenment, has been found in a Mr. G. Thompson, who honestly tells the electors that they have made choice of a man without education, and that they must read his mark in parliament in his votes, not speeches. The confession becomes Mr. Thompson's modesty, but does small honor to his voters' choice, for the House of Commons is hardly the place for persons in Mr. Thompson's avowed predication; but doubtless the intelligent electors have discovered in him those rare mental endowments which in some half-dozen instances in the history of the world dispense with cultivation and acquirements.

Nottingham had in Sir John Hobhouse a veteran in the cause of reform, one who fought the battle of the people boldly and brilliantly when the chances were perilous, and the certainty was loss of caste and social proscription. There was a time when

Mr. Hobhouse was shunned for his opinions by his class, but he never flinched nor flagged till the victory was won; and then certainly there was a period of collapse, which might well be pardoned, considering the far longer noble period of most spirited exertion; but the torpor passed away, and Sir John Hobhouse recovered himself and resumed his place as one of the best debaters, though upon themes less favorable to display than those of his earlier days.

Well; when we consider what Sir John Hobhouse has been, and what he is—his past claims and his present qualifications, and his character as a high-minded gentleman, how much *& fortiori* we must be prepared to admire the man who having surpassed, has superseded him—Mr. Fergus O'Connor!

It is an old proverb that the king's chaff is better than other folks' corn, and so it seems to be, too, with some boroughs; and when we see what their chaff is, scattered to the winds, how can we think exaltedly enough of the winnowed and garnered corn? With Macaulay, Bulwer, Roebuck, Hawes, Hobhouse, figuring as chaff, what must be the grain?—the Cowans, Seeleys, Pearsons, O'Connors, Thompsons. If the opulence of our towns in fitting representatives is to be inferred from what they throw away, as the luxury in great houses is measured from the broken victuals, how superabundantly and surprisingly rich they must be in orators, statesmen, and, above all, honest men!

In the days of rotten parliaments, Lord Camel-ford threatened to bring his black footman into the house. Some of our boroughs have realized the threat with a difference, the blackness being in the character instead of the complexion.—*Examiner*, 7 August.

THE EDINBURGH DISGRACE.—The fanatical party have at last had their triumph. It is great by measurement with the eminence of the man discarded—it is even increased by adding thereto an estimate of the insignificance of the man elected. It may fairly be called a triumph of principles—the principles of “envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.” When men work under such impulses they form strange combinations, and thus we find that large portion of the Free Church, who along with the ultra-voluntaries were the original parties to the war, enlisted in their service those tories who “would go any lengths to spite Macaulay,” and the whiskey-sellers newly banded together on the question of excise grievances. It was a new union of the publicans and saints, without completely discarding the sinners. This combination of discordant materials was cemented and kept together by a spirit of personal enmity, which in some retentive bosoms has long brooded over slights, and contemptuous retorts. Of a constituency so actuated, who may be the next victim? and when we speak of a victim, we have in mind the respectable citizen who, so much to his own astonishment as well as that of the rest of the world, has been hoisted upwards to the dizzy eminence which he at present occupies. The incident must remind every Edinburgh citizen of George Selwin's complaint to the House of Commons during a ministerial crisis, that it was unsafe to walk the streets of London, for a man ran the risk of being seized and impressed to serve as a cabinet minister.

As we have alluded to personal ill-will to Mr. Macaulay, it may be well to observe that he is

charged (and we believe not without reason) with hauteur and a want of urbanity which have given many rankling wounds to self-love. Mr. Macaulay must have a care of these faults, for beginning by making him disliked, they may end by making him ridiculous. Superciliousness is surely no privilege of genius, and no matter how great a man may be, it is unwise in him to make the world gallingly feel the weight of his pretensions.—*Examiner.*

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

NEVER, certainly, did a general election take place with questions of foreign policy exerting so little influence and commanding so little attention. For nearly a century before the peace, foreign policy was all in all. And, even since, it has scarcely been less important. In that great electoral struggle which terminated in the triumph of reform, the events of France, and our political relations with the continent, had perhaps as much weight as any portion of the domestic politics of the country. Since then, ministers have been attacked, and have been compelled to fight fiercely, on the ground of foreign policy. The war-cry against Lord Palmerston was not long since the foremost argument of the tories.

Where are now all these questions, all these cries? Sir Robert Peel made a faint and vain effort to resuscitate them in his address, where he puts forward his foreign policy as a claim to the suffrages of the people of Tamworth. The empty pompousness of the argument was worthy of the mock importance of the body which he addressed. Every idea of war in the world has happily died away; that of Greece and Turkey is not worthy of serious consideration. America has been allowed her full swing, difficult to prevent in her own continent. With France we have had chaffering, but no more. And, indeed, we seem destined to live on together, as neighbors who scold across the street, but avoid blows and breaches of the peace. The Portugal quarrel has happily terminated, and its difficulties blown away. The liberals have submitted, and the Spanish force, to which they did submit, has already commenced its withdrawal from Oporto and from the country. The court, therefore, has no excuses to withhold performances of its stipulations, upon which the British government must, in its own defence and consistency, strenuously insist.

We are not surprised, therefore, that, in closing parliament, the queen had to pronounce but the common-place paragraph of good understanding with foreign powers. And foreign politicians seem likely to have as little to say on the subject in the future parliament as they have had to utter on the hustings.—*Examiner, 7 Aug.*

From the Spectator.

EDWARDS' VOYAGE UP THE AMAZON AND RESIDENCE AT PARA.

MR. EDWARDS is a young American, who last year accompanied his relative, "Amory Edwards, Esq., late U. S. consul to Buenos Ayres," on a visit to Para. What was the precise object in the view of the late consul, or Mr. Edwards, or two young gentlemen who formed an addition to the party, does not appear, except that they were "in quest of adventures." What Mr. Edwards did was to vary a few months' residence at Para by excursions in the neighborhood, much as a visitor to London might go to Brighton, Windsor, or Gravesend; with certain differences. The embouchures

of the Amazon are so numerous, that what with them and their tributaries, and the lakes formed by the overflowing of the waters, terra firma roads are very few; from the inaptitude of the southern people for colonization, and the fierce revolutions that have distracted the country, settlement is very backward. A mill, a plantation, or a village, is as much in the delta of the Amazon as a palace or a city in European countries; and the access to them is by boats that differ in shape, size, and accommodation, but are all of the genus canoe. Having gazed his fill at Para, and shot birds, gathered flowers, or observed landscapes in its neighborhood, Mr. Edwards took advantage of the offer of a gentleman who was going up to Barra, at the mouth of the Rio Negro, (about 60 degrees of west longitude,) and spent some three months in ascending the river, amusing himself at Barra, and coming down again. Soon after his return to Para, he sailed for New York, and printed this account of what he saw and did; which Mr. Murray has republished in his Home and Colonial Library.

The paucity of settlement and of people upon this mighty river—in Indian language the Para-natinga, the King of Waters—deprives the voyage of much prospect of incident. The necessity of taking advantage of every puff of wind that assists the struggle against the current, renders a business voyager indisposed to lose time in explorations, even if the tropical forest and extensive swamps did not offer almost insuperable obstacles. Beyond the rarity of the ascent by bookmakers, there is not so much matter to be looked for in a voyage up the Amazon as its magnitude and almost mystery would lead us to expect. When human subjects and adventures are scanty, one of two qualities is necessary to give effect and value to a book of travels, in which description must of course predominate. The first is the rare faculty of seizing the essential characteristics of things, so that the spirit of the original, the feeling that the reality itself would convey, is impressed upon the reader. The other is learned or professional, to a great extent the result of training, which gives exactness to description, and imparts interesting information, if technicalities are avoided. The geologist, engineer, or agricultural improver, in journeying on the Amazon, would survey its bed and its banks with a critical eye, and convey definite and distinct ideas to the reader—not picturesque, perhaps, but with that precision of form and purpose which accompanies the geometrical drawing as opposed to the painting. In like manner, a botanist would examine its vegetation or a naturalist its animals; and if we missed the vast magnificence of the forest, or the boundless solitude of the swamps, and did not see the birds, beasts, reptiles, or fishes, we should know the peculiarities of their form, flight, and habits. Young Mr. Edwards has no scientific knowledge of this kind. As a sportsman, he has picked up a few names, and has some general notions of structure; but beyond this all is vague. The novelty of the region gives him some advantage; but in himself he does not essentially differ from the horde of fluent and rapid American travellers, who have so often thrown off their superficial sketches upon the much-enduring public, since Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*, first set the example of making a tour pay its own expenses. Almost everything that Mr. Edwards "claps eyes upon" he describes, and with a sort of animal vivacity and untiring activity; but little is characteristic, or even distinct, unless some action of man or animal enforces particularity, or some

precise information is to be imparted. From these exceptional parts we take a couple of extracts.

FEATHER DRESSES AND DRESSED HEADS.

"At a distance of several hundred miles above Santarem is a large settlement of Indians, and from them come the feather dresses seen sometimes in Pará. These are worn by the tauchas. A cap, tightly fitting the head, is woven of wild cotton, and this is covered with the smaller feathers of macaws. To this is attached a gaudy cape reaching far down the back, and formed by the long tail-feathers of the same birds; of which they also make sceptres that are borne in the hand. Besides these, are pieces for the shoulders, elbows, wrists, waist, neck, and knees; and often a richly-worked sash is thrown round the body. These dresses are the result of prodigious labor, and far surpass, in richness and effect, those sometimes brought from the South Sea Islands.

"From the Tapajos Indians come also the embalmed heads frequently seen at Pará. These are the heads of enemies killed in war, and retain wonderfully their natural appearance. The hair is well preserved, and the eye-sockets are filled with clay and painted. The Indians are said to guard these heads with great care, being obliged by some superstition to carry them upon any important expedition, and even when clearing ground for a new sitio. In this case, the head, stuck upon a pole in one corner of the field, watches benignly the proceedings, and may be supposed to distil over the whole a shower of blessings."

COCOA CULTIVATION.

"We were now in the great cacao region, which for an extent of several hundred square miles borders the river. The cacao-trees are low, not rising above fifteen or twenty feet; and are distinguishable from a distance by the yellowish green of their leaves, so different from aught else around them. They are planted at intervals of about twelve feet; and at first are protected from the sun's fierceness by banana-palms, which, with their broad leaves, form a complete shelter. Three years after planting, the trees yield; and thereafter require little attention, or rather receive not any. From an idea that the sun is injurious to the berry, the tree-tops are suffered to mat together until the whole becomes dense as thatch-work. The sun never penetrates this, and the ground below is constantly wet. The trunk of the tree grows irregularly, without beauty, although perhaps by careful training it might be made as graceful as an apple-tree. The leaf is thin, much resembling our beech, excepting that it is smooth-edged. The flower is very small, and the berry grows directly from the trunk or branches. It is eight inches in length, five in diameter, and shaped much like a rounded double cone. When ripe, it turns from light green to a deep yellow, and at that time ornaments the tree finely. Within the berry is a white acid pulp, and embedded in this are from thirty to forty seeds, an inch in length, narrow, and flat. These seeds are the cacao of commerce. When the berries are ripe, they are collected into great piles near the house; are cut open with a tresado, and the seeds, squeezed carelessly from the pulp, are spread upon mats to dry in the sun. Before being half dried, they are loaded into canoes in bulk, and transmitted to Pará. Some of these vessels will carry four thousand arrobas of thirty-two pounds each; and, as if such a bulk of damp produce would not sufficiently spoil itself by

its own steaming during a twenty days' voyage, the captains are in the habit of throwing upon it great quantities of water, to prevent its loss of weight. As might be expected, when arrived at Pará it is little more than a heap of mould; and it is then little wonder that Pará cacao is considered the most inferior in foreign markets. Cacao is very little drunk throughout the province, and in the city we never saw it except at the cafés. It is a delicious drink when properly prepared; and one soon loses relish for that nasty compound known in the States as chocolate, whose main ingredients are damaged rice and soap-fat."

THE AFFAIRS OF CHINA.

SIR John Davies' little war, without declaration —his raid up the river of Canton, has turned out utterly unprofitable. It is a far worse affair than the march of a French king, up a hill, and down again; for Sir John did mischief in going up, mischief when he was up, and mischief by coming down. He obtained, even in promise, little, and in performance nothing, for the expedition has left all our affairs with China more complicated and unsatisfactory than they were before it. Our trade is nearly suspended, and the notorious and uncontrolled blackguardism of Canton is so infuriated by Sir John's slap in the face, that, for the first time, a military force is necessary for the protection of the lives and properties of British subjects.

The grounds on which Sir John Davies undertook his unprecedented *coup de main* are, as yet, unknown to the public, and can only be guessed at.

On our part, we have religiously fulfilled every stipulation of the treaty of Nankin. The Chinese have done the same thing, with two material exceptions, the power conceded to us of renting ground for the extension of our factories at Canton, and the right to frequent the city without molestation, and to go to a reasonable distance into the country for air and exercise. Under various pretexts, these have been evaded from the date of the treaty.

Sir John's raid obtained a promise that the first of these engagements should be fulfilled immediately, and the second in two years. Now, the first is already in progress of evasion, and the second will inevitably be evaded also. The limited spot of ground now allotted for the factories of all the European nations, sufficient for the wants of trade in our early intercourse, now that our commerce is multiplied fifty fold, is totally inadequate.

Since the retreat of Sir John Davies, the Chinese authorities have, it is evident to us, been intriguing to evade the capitulation respecting the additional ground. They do not come forward themselves openly in the matter, but their work is evident enough in the curious document published by Mr. Lindsay, himself once a Chinese supercargo, in the *Times*, and purporting to be a protest from "the gentry and scholars" of Honan to the British consul.

But the main question is, how we are to extricate ourselves from our present difficulties. It is certain we can gain nothing by standing still, and clear that we must lose by receding. It is equally certain that there must be no more little wars, no more *escapade* trips up and down the river. Something like the following line of policy will, we think, be indispensable:—

The capitulation of Canton, the most important stipulation of which is at the very outset evaded, must be at once cancelled. The Chinese must then

be informed that if, on a day to be named, ample time being given them, the entire treaty of Nankin, in letter and spirit, as we ourselves have carried it out, be not fulfilled, measures of retaliation will be taken; and they should be distinctly informed what these measures will be. They should consist in the reoccupation and annexation of Chusan; the demolition of the fortresses on the river of Canton, with a prohibition to reconstruct these worthless defences, which serve no purposes but to stimulate the arrogance of the local authorities; the rendering of Canton, like most other places in China, an open town; and, finally, the payment of the expenses of the expedition.

All this must be no empty threat. A force must be at hand to carry it at once into effect. Augmenting the present garrison to about four times its present strength will, with the disposable part of the Indian squadron, be quite sufficient to carry out the contemplated operations. If the Chinese should prove more obdurate than we contemplate, then a blow must be struck at the heart of the empire, and the Yang-che-kiang again ascended. We now know our whole ground, and the Chinese are quite aware of the extent of our knowledge.—*Examiner*, 14 Aug.

From the Spectator.

MRS. RICHARDSON'S MEMOIRS OF QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

THE love and veneration with which the name and memory of Queen Louisa are regarded in Prussia, the deep affection which the late king entertained for her when living, and the manner in which he cherished her memory to the close of his own life, argue attractions and excellencies of no common kind; as the influence she exercised over all who approached her bespeak a fascination of manner which may exist with great feminine virtues, but is by no means proof of them. Contemporary opinion, however, as regards personal character and conduct, is all in all; especially where no actions or works remain to enable criticism to test the truth or falsehood of the judgment. We must, however, fairly confess, that it is only on this ground that we could join in the panegyrics which every one raises to the name of Louisa of Prussia. In the accounts of her we have read there seems always something vague—praise without proof—an echo of

"The glorious need of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause."

Nor is this uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty greatly changed by the volume before us. We are indeed told at large of the affection—the idolatry—with which she inspired her family and subjects; and numerous instances are produced of her kindness, her charity, her condescension, and her love; but except in her conjugal relations, they seem to us such as the natural art of a born coquette could have done as well as Queen Louisa. Against this opinion may be set the peculiarities of German character as opposed to British; the circumstance that the chief recorders of her sayings and doings were feeble-minded courtiers, who seem to have infused their own weakness into the anecdotes they recorded; and the fact that Mrs. Richardson takes her authorities just as they stand, without condensation or change; so that we have a diffusion that weakens a simplicity approaching the puerile—English words but with a German manner.

The sufferings and death of Louisa through the

French war and the alleged brutality of Napoleon, have also contributed to invest the queen and the woman with a halo of interest through the two strongest excitors of the mind—pity and indignation. The insinuations against her private character could only have emanated from a low-minded and unscrupulous defamer besotted in the moral corruption of the old régime and the new, or a politician utterly indifferent to truth in the pursuit of his objects. That Napoleon directed these insinuations is not clear; but he did not punish the authors—assuming the baseness, if he did not perpetrate it; to reap the consequences of calumnious falsehood in the bitter hatred he roused in every Prussian breast. Upon the other grounds of censure we cannot fall into the general view against Napoleon. It is now known that the queen never interfered except for charity or pardon; but Mrs. Richardson admits that she was very favorable to the war; her opinions, being known, must have had an influence; and she was accustomed to head her own regiment in uniform and stimulate the ardor of the troops. This was patriotic and praiseworthy, but it certainly gave an opponent a right to charge her with being a partisan of the war; and we are not quite sure but there is a just appreciation of her public *intellect* in this passage from a bulletin—

"C'est une femme d'une jolie figure, mais de peu d'esprit, incapable de présager les conséquences de ce qu'elle faisait. Il faut aujourd'hui au lieu de l'accuser, la plaindre; car elle doit avoir bien des remords des maux qu'elle a fait à sa patrie, et de l'ascendant qu'elle a exercé sur le Roi son mari, qu'on s'accorde à présenter comme un parfaitement honnête homme qui voulait la paix et le bien des peuples."

As for Bonaparte's personal conduct in their interviews at Tilsit, it seems to have been as much like a gentleman as was in his nature; and we cannot see that a victor is bound to "whine and roar away his 'story'" under the influence of female tears or fascinations; especially as there was nothing in the commencement of the war to induce much respect, and its management was beneath contempt. The oppressions exercised on Prussia were moral and political offences, which the war of liberation and the campaign of Waterloo very amply punished.

Till the battle of Jena and the disasters consequent upon it, which drove the Prussian royal family forth to all but exile and to comparative poverty, the life of Louisa was uneventful, and only varied by progresses through the country, where she attached the people to her by a natural grace and affability. She was born in March, 1776. Her father was the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother of Queen Charlotte; she was consequently first cousin to the royal family of England. She was carefully educated; by a good fortune rare in courts, she married for love, and, by a fortune not often met with even in private life, her first love. The early revolutionary war had carried the then King of Prussia to Frankfort; and thither the Princess Louisa and her sister went on their way to Darmstadt.

They were to be introduced to the king, and their departure had been fixed to take place in the evening after the performances at the theatre had terminated; but the king caused the two young princesses to be invited to supper; which invitation was accepted on their part. The attention of the crown prince was attracted to the Princess Louisa

at the first glance ; for there exists in the secret and profound depths of the human heart in the male as well as the female bosom, a conscious feeling of intellectual sympathy, which draws together instinctively, at the first glance, with magnetic force, two beings who perhaps have never before spoken to or even seen each other. * * *

" The king would revert with mournful pleasure to the sensations of admiration with which the first interview with his lost queen had inspired him. It had produced so powerful an impression that it ever remained palpably distinct in his memory. He said, ' The first moment of acquaintance was the moment of reciprocal inclination ; and an inward voice whispered, It is she or none other in this world. I once,' continued the king, ' read something of Schiller's which expressed exquisitely and truly that feeling of secret sympathy which in kindred hearts is excited by the first glance ; as was the case with me and my sainted Louisa when we beheld each other for the first time in Frankfort, as we both afterwards acknowledged. It was no sickly sentiment, but a distinct consciousness of that sensation, which at the same moment caused a thrill of delight in our hearts. My God ! how much has happened since the first tear of joy that glistened in our eyes at our first meeting, and these mournful tears with which I now bewail her loss. I know well that these sympathetic feelings are the sweet blossoms of a youthful love which are only felt once, and never again return. I willingly fall back on these recollections, and should have liked to read that passage of Schiller's again ; but I have never been able to find it. ' "

The death of Queen Louisa took place in 1810, four years after the battle of Jena, and in less than a twelve-month after the the settlement of affairs allowed her to return to Berlin. She is said to have died of a broken heart. The *post mortem* examination exhibited a structural change. " Several polypous excrescences were found in the heart, which had grown into it with two thick branches." These, we conceive, must have been the result of some scrofulous tendency in the constitution, aggravated probably by anxiety and trouble ; but we doubt whether any mental emotion would so far change the character of the secretions as to produce such fungi in the absence of an original tendency. In fact, her health had begun to fail before the war.

Besides being an ardent admirer of Queen Louisa, Mrs. Richardson has a courtierlike amiability of feeling, which not only deprives her of critical power of the sterner kind, but disposes her to attach too much value to mere conventions and to the ceremonies of life. These circumstances militate against the high biographical character ; but they have enabled the authoress to collect a good many particulars about, and anecdotes of, the queen ; most of which indicate some trait of character, while many furnish amusing reading. The following are of this class.

QUEEN LOUISA'S READING IN YOUTH.

" She read Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire with profound meditation and corresponding advantage ; ancient history occupied her attention at that time, and strengthened her mind. The history of England also interested her greatly. We shall see, at a later period, how deeply the history of Germany affected her, and how some characters amongst her predecessors inspired her with enthusiasm. She read with pleasure Schiller's collection

of memoirs ; but with especial delight those witty and valuable memoirs for which France is so celebrated—those treasures of information to the political world, whence we may trace the causes which preceded and induced the memorable events which followed. She was much pleased with translations from the classics, especially from the old Greek tragedy ; and it was natural that the grand, powerful, and energetic views of the classical writers of antiquity should have possessed great attractions for her noble mind. Shakspeare's historical plays and purely poetical creations had an equal charm for her : the rich and peculiar dominion in which he reigned, and the grand objects which he presents to us, addressed themselves to her intellect, whils. her mind was capable of ascending to the sublime heights of his poetry in its most elevated flights. It was a summit on which she delighted to rest : for a vivid imagination can only repose in the regions of true sublimity."

REBUKE OF ETIQUETTE.

" There is something unnatural in those forms which interpose like a screen between a royal couple. The king disliked restraint, and would not submit to the forms of courtly etiquette ; with his satirical gravity he broke through them : the queen with her bounding spirits leapt over them : both, according to their different dispositions, exhibiting the same unity of thought, confidence, and affection.

" The Oberhofmeisterin, the Countess Von Vosz, whose duty, by virtue of her position in the household, was to carry out all the ceremonials of royalty, was in despair at this disregard of rules. She delighted in the forms of etiquette herself, and was of opinion that every good thing must be surrounded by a protecting barrier in order to preserve it from desecration ; and she constantly instanced the example of the French court as a proof of the evils arising from the neglect of good old rules. Without the formula of etiquette, according to her ideas, there could be no distinction or dignity, and everything must degenerate into confusion and all respect become annihilated.

" The crown prince had a peculiarly dry and humorous manner of teasing the countess, without allowing her to guess what he was aiming at ; and on these occasions his features assumed a serio-comic expression that was very pleasing.

" ' Well, then,' he said one day to the countess, ' I will yield to custom ; and, in order to give you a proof, I beg of you, countess, to be kind enough to announce me, and to ask if I may have the honor of speaking with my consort, her royal highness the crown princess. I wish you to present my compliments to her, and hope she will be graciously pleased to receive them.'

" The countess was enchanted with the idea of the courtly etiquette becoming established, and prepared to execute her commission with all due ceremony ; and having arrived full of the importance of her mission, not doubting that a favorable reply would also be intrusted to her as the medium of the negotiation for an audience, she entered the royal apartment ; and there, to her great amazement, she beheld the crown prince, who had arrived long before her, laughing heartily with the crown princess as they were walking hand-in-hand up and down the saloon. The prince, in a peal of merriment, cried out—

" ' Look you now, my good Vosz, my wife and I can see and speak with each other unannounced whenever we choose : and this is as it should be,

according to all good Christian usages. But you are a charming Oberhofmeisterin, and for the future you shall be called "Dame d'Etiquette." * *

"One day there was a question as to the ceremonial required for the reception of the congratulations of a foreign court, which was to take place with all due forms of etiquette in Berlin the following day. The Countess von Vosz, who knew the minutest details in all such cases, remarked that on such a grand occasion the state carriages should be used; and that the king and queen must have the royal state carriage, with eight horses richly caparisoned, two state coachmen, and three state footmen in their best state livery. 'Well,' said the king, 'you may order it as you will.' The next morning, when, the brilliant equipage came up, the king put the countess into the carriage, shut the door very suddenly, and cried out to the coachman, 'Go on!' He then jumped into his own ordinary open carriage, with two horses only, which he was in the habit of driving himself, and thus drove the queen immediately behind the countess in the state carriage, amidst the laughter and delight of the bystanders."

THE VETERAN'S PIPE.

"The bosom friend of the king during his life was the General Von Koeckeritz; he was consequently a daily guest at the royal table, and treated as a member of the family. The queen had remarked for some time past that the good old man retired earlier than formerly, and sooner than was agreeable to the king, who liked to have his society for some time after the dinner was removed. The queen asked the reason; but the king merely said, 'Let the brave old man do as he likes: perhaps after dinner he prefers repose in private.' The queen, however, with her restless activity, soon found out the reason of his early departure: it had become necessary to the good old soldier, from long habit, to smoke his pipe immediately after dinner, and he retired therefore to indulge this (to him) physical necessity. On the following day, when he was as usual excusing himself from remaining longer, the queen hastened forward, and, with her sweet face full of merriment, placed a well-filled pipe, with matches to light it, in the hands of Koeckeritz; saying, 'My good old friend, to-day you don't escape us. You must smoke your pipe with us here. Now, then, commence at once.' The king cast a glance of affectionate approbation at the queen; saying, 'Dear Louisa, you have done that admirably.' The faithful subject accepted the permission to smoke his accustomed pipe, with gratitude; and ever after he continued to avail himself of this privilege."

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

"One fine day in the summer of 1799, two English gentlemen on their travels rowed to the Peacock Island, unaware that the royal family were staying there, and consequently ignorant of the interdiction. They had landed at a point of the island some distance from the ferry, and were strolling about, when the then court chamberlain, Von Massow, saw them, and they were desired to quit the island instantaneously, by the same way they came. They, however, deviated from the direct path to the boat; and were met by a gentleman and lady unattended, so simple in their dress and deportment that the strangers had no idea who they were.

"When they met, the unknown gentleman said, 'How do you like the island?' Expressing themselves in rapture as to its position and embellish-

ments, the unknown lady, with much affability, invited the strangers to accompany them, as they could point out all that was remarkable. 'We should be delighted,' replied the Englishmen, 'had not the marshal peremptorily ordered us to quit the island, the king and queen being here.' 'Matters are not quite so formidable,' said the lady; 'come with us: we will undertake to excuse you with M. Von Massow, who is our intimate friend.'

"An animated conversation ensued, in which the lady spoke enthusiastically of England, and seemed to enjoy the free and critical remarks made by the Englishmen in reply; but great was their astonishment, on approaching the chateau, to see the chamberlain advancing to announce breakfast. Aware now that they had been in company with the king and queen, they would have apologized; but the condescension of the queen calmed their apprehensions of having been too familiar; and what little fear remained was wholly banished on the king saying—'Enter, gentlemen; you'll take breakfast with us! After such a charming stroll, methinks some refreshment will be desirable.'"

From the Examiner.

Mind and Matter: Illustrated by Considerations on Hereditary Insanity, and the Influence of Temperament in the Development of the Passions.
By I. G. MILLINGEN, M. D. M. A., Author of the "Curiosities of Medical Experience," &c. Hurst.

Dr. MILLINGEN is a man of very various experience and knowledge, and of extensive reading in authors the reverse of common-place; and is himself a writer with a good readable style. He has given a title to this book which it will hardly bear, but it is a very valuable book as well as a very amusing one.

A great part of it is occupied with evidence and reasoning as to the connection and reciprocal influence of the intellectual and the material parts of man, more particularly as they affect considerations of insanity, and the commission of crime. The law of organization is traced in a series of singular examples; and the passions—for the most part transmitted, as Dr. Millingen believes, from father to son—are shown both in their natural state, and under the influence of civilization. How many solemn and important points of reflection arise in connection with such a subject as this—affecting our whole theory and practice of criminal and sanitary jurisprudence—we need hardly say. The book is eminently suggestive on these points. But it is fragmentary, and the reader must not expect to find anything concluded in it. We suspect that Dr. Millingen himself, indeed, is as far from a conclusion as his readers are likely to be. It is not a little thing, however, to be furnished with materials for thinking, though in this mere gossiping, anecdotal shape, by a thoughtful and variously-informed man.

We take one or two extracts. They will show the kind of anecdote and illustration called in to support the reasoning.

HEREDITARY SUICIDE.

"Dr. Gall relates the case of a Mr. Gauthier, owner of several warehouses in Paris, and who left to his seven children a property of two millions of francs. They all resided in Paris and its environs, where they lived upon their property, which some of them had considerably increased by fortunate

speculation. Not one of them was visited by any material disaster, and all enjoyed perfect health. They were all highly esteemed by their friends and neighbors; yet all of them labored under an inclination to commit suicide, to which they yielded in the course of thirty or forty years; some hanged, some drowned, and others shot themselves. The last but one invited on a Sunday a party of sixteen persons to dine with him. When dinner was served, the host was suddenly missing, and having been searched for everywhere in vain, was at last discovered hanging in a barn. The last of the seven, who was the owner of a house in the Rue de Richelieu, having raised it by two stories, conceived that the expense had ruined him; three times he attempted to destroy himself, but was prevented; however, he at last succeeded in blowing out his brains, and his fortune was said to amount to 300,000 francs."

ANTIPATHIES.

"Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtain gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, of forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakespeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bag-pipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epernon swooned on beholding a levrette, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brabe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III. of France, at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known."

MORAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.

"Lieutenant W—— was at the storming of *Morne Fortune*, in the West Indies; his behavior on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach, and plant the king's color on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding officer, then Lieut. Colonel V—d—r, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favor of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this

extraordinary request on the part of the young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal: when the young man frankly told him, that when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong—almost an insurmountable—disposition to fall out, and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men, prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not what he did, nor where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach with the colors in his hand, he knew not how; but, he added, not without some hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation, and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient moral courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honor while it was still in his power."

HEREDITARY LIKENESS.

"Dr. Gregory used to relate to his pupils, that having once been called to a distant part of Scotland to visit a rich nobleman, he discovered in the configuration of his nose, an exact resemblance to that of the grand chancellor of Scotland in the reign of Charles I., recognizable in his portraits. On taking a walk through the village after dinner, the doctor recognized the same nose in several individuals among the common people; and the steward who accompanied him informed him that all the persons he had seen were descended from the natural children of the grand chancellor."

EFFECTS OF FEAR.

"The peasants of Sardinia are in the constant habit of hunting eagles and vultures, both for profit and as an amusement. In the year 1839, three young men (brethren) living near San Giovanni de Domas Novas, having espied an eagle's nest in the bottom of a steep precipice, they drew lots to decide which of them should descend to take it away. The danger did not arise so much from the depth of the precipice—upwards of a hundred feet—but the apprehension of the numerous birds of prey that inhabited the cavern. However, the lot fell on one of the brothers, a young man of about two-and-twenty, of athletic form, and of a dauntless spirit. He belted a knotted rope round his waist, by which his brothers could lower or raise him at will; and, armed with a sharpened infantry sabre, he boldly descended the rock, and reached the nest in safety. It contained four eaglets of that peculiar bright plumage called the light Isabella. The difficulty now arose in bearing away the nest. He gave a signal to his brethren, and they began to haul him up, when he was fiercely attacked by two powerful eagles, the parents of the young birds he had captured. The onset was most furious, they darkened the cavern by the flapping of their broad wings, and it was not without much difficulty that he kept them off with his sword; when, on a sudden, the rope that suspended him swung round, and on looking up he perceived that he had partly severed it with his sabre. At this fearful sight he was struck with such a sudden terror, that he was unable to urge his companions to hasten to his delivery, although he still kept his fierce antagonists at bay. His brothers continuing to haul him up, while their friendly voices endeavored to encourage him, he soon reached the summit of the rock; but although he continued to grasp the eagle's nest, he was speechless, and

his hair, which had before been of a jet black color, was now as white as snow."

Dr. Millingen makes great use of the poets. His range of reading in them is extraordinary. The plays of Dryden, and the poems of Daniel, are as much at his fingers' ends as the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton; nor does he quote Thomson, Young, or Akenside with greater facility, than he finds passages of grandeur or pathos in the fine old Cyril Tourneur and in honest mad Nat. Lee.

PAREDES—A Speculation.—As various editors are attempting to interpret the enigmatical event of Paredes' return to Mexico, we may as well throw our *possibility* into the common stock. Suppose Santa Anna to be sincerely in favor of peace, and honest in the declaration made to our government (if he ever made any) upon which his return to Mexico was facilitated. He declared from the outset that he must obey the will of the nation, and it is apparent that up to the present time the public sentiment of Mexico has been so utterly hostile to us, that no man or party has had power to turn it into any thoughts of peace.

It is well understood that England and France will not interfere in the quarrel between us and Mexico, in any other than a friendly and diplomatic way. It is known, at the same time, that the nations of Europe look upon the war with much regret, and are anxious that it should be terminated. They are especially anxious that it should be terminated before the *national existence* of Mexico shall have been lost or endangered. As to the wild lands of California, they are wise enough to see, that by the irresistible law of destiny, they are to be peopled through the United States. They also can see that these vast northern provinces do not add to the strength of Mexico, but are an encumbrance and an enfeeblement. Mexico would be stronger, and more able to set bounds to our expansion, if her line were carried down to her population, and so placed that her government could be sustained up to the line, and so that it might be distinctly seen where Mexico begins, and where "the States" end. To save the real strength and power of the Mexican nation, and make the most of it, whatever that may be, is the earnest policy of Europe. The United States have not as yet put forth any claims inconsistent with this policy of Europe. On the contrary, it is well known that our government are earnestly desirous of peace upon a settlement of boundaries not at all inconsistent with the essential plans of England and France. Here, then, are all the great powers agreed as to what ought to be done, except only the *people* of Mexico. England has cooperated earnestly with our government in its effort to restore peace through Mr. Trist and General Scott; but all in vain; for neither the Mexican executive nor the legislature durst touch our proposition even with tongs, except to throw it from one to the other.

Who can persuade the Mexican people? Who can relieve all the governments from their perplexity, and stop this war while Mexico is yet a nation? Who more able to do it than Paredes, the head of the war party, the originator of the war. If he can bring his great influence into cooperation with his great rival, there is hope. He has been banished long enough to be restored again to the fickle love of the Mexican nation. He has spent a portion of his banishment in Europe, and now comes straight from Paris. It is certain that he brings no argument in favor of war, from any European monarch.

It is impossible that they should have sent him with any other words than those of peace, if they have sent him at all. Why does he come? Can he overthrow Santa Anna, and wage war more furiously? Perhaps he can. But if this is his object, why did our consul at Havana connive at his return to Mexico, as he did in favor of the return of Santa Anna. If Paredes is on a mission of war—nay, if our consul did not know that he was on an errand of peace—why did he not despatch a messenger in the same steamer to Vera Cruz, who might have landed before Paredes or with him, and caused his arrest, instead of sending a letter, which was sure to be far enough behind not to interrupt him.—*J. of Commerce.*

BLACKWOOD AND PROFESSOR WILSON.—Readers will remember that a late steamer from England brought intelligence that Professor Wilson of the University of Edinburgh, the Christopher North and reputed editor of Blackwood's Magazine, had announced that he had no longer any connection with that periodical. The announcement was made in a somewhat tart manner, in a letter published in an Edinburgh newspaper, and indicated umbrage and disagreement somewhere.

A note in the August number, which has just been republished by Leonard Scott & Co., from the publishers, shows that the professor had taken offence at some remarks in an article in the July number respecting the Edinburgh University, to the effect that the government having expended its patronage of literary men and institutions chiefly upon those of the city of London, it became a necessary result that kindred institutions, the University of Edinburgh included, were becoming deficient in able professors, &c., London offering greater emolument, and that this effect of the partial conduct of the government must continue to be increasingly felt by the Edinburgh and other universities.

The Messrs. Blackwood express their regret that they did not see at the time of publication that a construction prejudicial to the university could be put upon the remarks in question, though they now perceive that they are liable to that interpretation, and express their sorrow that Professor Wilson deemed it necessary to take the step he had done.

But what we principally notice the matter for is the implied denial, on the part of Messrs. Blackwood, that Professor Wilson was at any time editor of their magazine. They speak of him as "one of their earliest and best supporters, of whose connection with the magazine they are justly proud, and whose friendship they hope ever to retain undiminished;" they speak of themselves as "the parties who have all along been responsible for the management of the magazine," and that "*they*" ought to have seen that the passage was altered or expunged from the article; and declare it to be "an error upon their part," and regret that through it Professor Wilson felt it necessary to disclaim what had thus inadvertently been allowed to appear in their pages. But not a word of the professor's editorial relation to the periodical. This, we apprehend, will surprise many.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

SEVERAL successful experiments have been recently made in France on the etherization of bees, so as to be able to take their honey whilst they are in a state of inaction without the necessity of destroying their lives.—*Globe.* ["You take my life," says Shylock, "when you do take the means by which I live."]

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

In common with other imaginative and half-civilized people, the lower orders of Irish have many wild superstitions connected with death. Not a mere cold belief, but a firm and lively faith in the existence of "a world beyond the grave," fills their minds with a vivid conviction that their departed friends are with them and around them still. "Not lost, but gone before," is a truth ever present to the warm-hearted Irishman; he continues to associate his buried ones in all the cares and pleasures of existence, and that in an every-day and life-like manner, which would often border on the ludicrous, did not the wild pathos, the genuine poetry, that clothe the expression of his mourning, seem fully to redeem it from any touch of vulgar association.

The little damsel who, in Wordsworth's touching ballad, so repeatedly asserted "We are seven," ought to have been a native of our Green Isle; for there many a childish heart holds the loving faith that cheered that little churchyard lingerer. The anxious care also bestowed by the very poorest peasant on the obsequies of his relative, shows that he believes the latter still cognizant of his actions; all business, however important, is postponed, whenever any funeral within a circuit of several miles is to be attended. To have "a decent berrin, and all the neighbors at it," is the grand object of an Irishman's solicitude, when he feels his end approaching. Many an old *bocough*, the sum total of whose worldly possessions is borne on his back, and, being the tattered remnants of "Irish old clothes," would probably not fetch a silver sixpence at the rag-dealer's, has died with a sum of money stitched into his fragment of a waistcoat, and encircled with a scroll enjoining those who find it "to bury him decent, or else his sperril will haunt them for evermore." The injunction, coupled with such a penalty, is, I believe, never disobeyed. In the lack of relatives, professed *keeners* are hired, whose practised tones of woe sound in their wild cadence so like the burst of real grief, that it is often only by watching the unmoved countenance and unquivering lips of the old crones, one can distinguish their mourning from that of the wife or mother of the dead.

"How can I expect other people to come to my berrin, if I don't go to theirs?" was the unanswered query of a laboring man, whose employer sought to convince him of his folly in losing many days' work, by attending the funerals of persons with whom he had had only a slight acquaintance.

But I forget—I am writing of my country, not as it is, but as it was. Now the stern hand of hunger, ay, of direst famine, has dimmed the merry eye, and closed the white lip, whose tones were once so joyous. Buoyancy of spirit is gone with vigor of body; all the energies of mind are concentrated in the one fierce craving of animal life. "Food! food!" is the cry that echoes through the land:—the short, bleak wintry day, and the long, dark frosty night, alike resound with the shrieks of those who perish from hunger and nakedness. In nothing is the utter disruption of old cherished feelings more apparent than in the poor creatures' forced disregard of their dead. Instead of the careful laying out of the corpse, the lighted candles, the protracted wake, where all who came were regaled with pipes and whiskey, at an outlay which often sorely pinched

the survivors, but was at all times made without grudging, they are now often compelled to leave the rites of sepulture to be performed by the rats, which swarm around the hovels, allured by their loathsome prey; and in many cases devouring the flesh of the dying as well as of the dead! In some rural districts, the bodies that have died of what is emphatically called "*starvation fever*," are interred by wholesale at the public expense, uncoffined and uncared for. Such scenes are horrifying to contemplate, yet they are true; nor can any human being foresee their termination. I will not, however, dwell on them longer, humbly trusting that the same gracious God, who, in Judea's favored land, had compassion on the multitude, and, not willing to send them away fasting to their distant homes, created with his word a plenteous repast in the wilderness, may ere long send forth that mighty voice, to bid our fields once more be fertile, and our perishing poor ones live.

I will notice a few instances of the strange picturesque superstitions with which the poor Irishman, in happier times, loved to encircle the memory of his dead.

On a fine day in autumn, about two years since, as a friend of mine, who resides in a wild district of the south, was walking on the road near his house, he overtook a countryman returning from the next market-town. He was a stout, middle-aged man, tolerably well dressed, and evidently belonging to the class of small farmers. After the customary salutations, (in no country do strangers, meeting casually on the road, greet each other more cordially than in Ireland,) Mr. —— entered into conversation with him, as they walked along together.

"This is a fine day for the country, your honor; thanks be to God for it."

"It is indeed," replied Mr. ——, "and pleasant weather for walking. Have you far to go?"

"Why, middling, sir; my little place is about five miles off, up at Gurthunowen."

"I suppose you were at M—— this morning?"

"I was, then, sir, just doing a trifle of business at the market; for *herself** was n't able to go in to-day, and I had to sell some fresh eggs and young chickens for her."

"You seem to have been purchasing also," said Mr. ——, looking at a large brown-paper parcel, which he carried under his arm.

The man's countenance changed. "I was, your honor," he said, in a mournful voice. "After two years' savings, 'tis only now I was able to buy the makings of a cloak for my little girl."

As he spoke, he opened the parcel, and displayed its contents, a piece of fine blue cloth.

"That will make a very nice cloak indeed," said my friend, smiling. "Your daughter will outshine all her neighbors next Sunday at mass."

"It cost two guineas, sir; and though I'm a poor man, 'tis no more I'd think of than of the mud under my feet, if 'twould bring ase or comfort to the soul of my darling. Ah, *ma colleen bawn!*" he cried, clasping his hands in sudden agony, "the fifteen years you were left to me ran by as quick as the winter streams down the side of Coom Rhue, and as pleasant as if the warm summer stopped with them always. But the dark day came at last;—and when the mother and I saw you

* In Ireland, "*herself*" is the term invariably and emphatically employed by the peasant to designate his spouse, when speaking in the third person; the masculine pronoun being similarly applied to him by his better half.

stretched before us, as cold and as white as the snowdrift on the hill, we thought the life within ourselves was gone forever! I ax your pardon, sir, for talking so wild; but indeed there was few in the whole country like our Nelly. Even when she was a slip of a child, going to the school, Father Jerry himself would stop her every Saturday after the catechiz, to stroke her fair head, and tell her she answered the best of them all. Well, after a while, when the first stun was over, and the mother and I had time to take some comfort from the two boys that were left us—it began to give us sore trouble to think that she died without a cloak, and that maybe the crathur that we kep all her life tender and warm, like a pet lamb, might be suffering now for the want of it. So we set to work, saving every penny we could scrape together, till we'd have enough to buy her a good one; and though the sorrow and the lonesomeness is hurting our hearts yet, still 't is proud the mother and I will be to see it handsomely made, and waiting for her in the house."

"Surely," said Mr. ——, "if your daughter be, as I hope she is, in heaven, she will not need a cloak to shelter her there."

"No, sir," replied the man, reverently touching his hat; "I suppose she won't."

"And in the other place, of dreadful punishment, it is equally certain that no earthly garment can avail as a covering."

"True for your honor."

"Well," continued my friend, "you believe, what we deny, that there is a third place, which you call purgatory; but by all accounts it is a very hot place—what could she want of a cloak there?"

"Some of them," replied the father, earnestly, "do be very cold there. In parts of it, there's a dale of frost, and snow, and sleet, and hail; and how do I know but my darling child might be there, thinking hard thoughts of the father and mother that would n't get a cloak to cover her? Any way, 'twill be made, and left in the house; herself may take the loan of it to wear at times; but 'twill be Nelly's cloak, and ready for her there when she wants it."

"In that case," said Mr. ——, "it would, I think, be a good plan if you had it made large enough to cover both; your daughter's spirit might then find shelter under it, without depriving your wife of its use."

"That's very true; indeed, sir, I never thought of that before. Plase God, I'll have it done; and, sure 't will comfort the mother's heart, when she's going to mass or to market, to think she has the sperrit of her *colleen bawn* along with her underneath the cloak."

This is the substance of a *bonâ fide* conversation: the firm persuasion entertained by the poor father that the departed possess a sort of semi-corporeal existence, is very general among the peasantry in the remote districts. Near the towns, of course, such superstitions have dwindled away, and the present general diffusion of education through the land will probably tend to banish them completely from the minds of the rising generation. Even now, it is often difficult to draw from the mountaineer a candid confession of his faith in such matters. Does he suspect that you are quizzing him—and his perception of the slightest approach to *bodinage* is quick beyond expression—he immediately either shelters himself under a most natural appearance of stupid civility, agreeing with everything your honor says; or, if the humor takes him, and that

he sees you are a British tourist, bent on making yourself thoroughly acquainted with all the chameleon shades of Irish character during a three weeks' excursion, he will be likely to cram you with a series of as improbable, not to say impossible, fictions, as ever graced the hot-pressed pages perpetrated by an errant and arrant cockney. Those, however, who reside amongst them, and converse with them skilfully and kindly, without betraying any latent disposition to mock, will often discover curious corners and recesses of the Irish mind. Old customs and traditions also, lingering among the pagan monuments to which they probably owe their origin, are often, when explained, interesting alike to the poet and the antiquary. In later times, the imaginative spirit, which still dwells amidst our highlands, has given form and consistency to many a strange idea connected with the abode and occupations of the dead.

I was struck with an instance of this which fell lately under my own observation, in the mountain district of the south to which I have before alluded. A belief is entertained there, and very generally, I think, in other places, that the last person interred in a churchyard is compelled to draw water for the refreshment of the souls in purgatory, until he is relieved by a new comer. When, therefore, it happens that two funerals are fixed to take place on the same day, the hurry, the racing, the fighting that occur between the rival parties, each wanting to secure precedence of interment for their friend, defy all description. On such occasions, it will sometimes happen that the coffins are fractured in the struggle, and the cold, ghastly faces of their occupants become exposed, presenting a horrid and reproachful contrast to the flushed, angry countenances that surround them. Sometimes the scene ends in bloodshed; more frequently the weaker party yield the *pas*, with a bad grace, indeed, and generally inspired with thoughts of peace by the cogent arguments of the officiating pastor's horsewhip, which, potent in its office as the trident of Neptune—pungent in its application as the sceptre of Ulysses, when it visited Thersites' back—seldom fails to quell a rising tumult.

In the village of I—— there is an old churchyard whose narrow precincts are already filled with graves; yet, as it lies in the centre of a large parish, funerals arrive there very frequently. The grounds of a friend of mine adjoin it; his flower-garden is, indeed, divided from it only by two low fences, and a narrow lane between, so that the inexpressibly mournful tones of the Irish cry are often heard distinctly there, contrasting painfully with the sweet song of birds, and all the joyous melodies of summer time. One day, as Mr. —— was standing in his garden, he saw a long procession appearing on the brow of the opposite hill. It wound slowly down a path made through the heather, and the wild sound of wailing that floated faintly on the breeze, told the reason of the sad array. As they approached nearer, the bearers of the coffin quickened their pace almost to a run, followed by their companions; and when they reached the road which led towards the churchyard, they dashed forward with a speed most unsuited to their solemn errand. The reason was soon evident. Passing a turn of the road, in the opposite direction, there appeared another funeral, approaching with equal rapidity. At the moment that they came in sight, both parties were about equally near the goal; and it seemed impossible to tell which would win the race. A race indeed it was, for the rival bearers, exchanging

a loud shout of defiance, rushed on as rapidly as if no burden rested on their shoulders. Arrived at Mr. ——'s gate, the people from the mountain saw that their direct path lay across his lawn and garden, and that, by rushing through, they might gain on the enemy. No sooner thought of than accomplished. With the most reckless disregard of crushed flowers and trampled beds, they ran across, thinking not of the mischief they were doing one whom, nevertheless, they all loved and respected. They gained the churchyard, but owing to the intervening hedges, which had to be surmounted, their rivals were there before them.

"T is no good for ye, ye mane spalpeens," shouted the leader of the mountain party. "T was well we licked ye last fair day, when poor Denis was to the fore—and why would n't we do as much now to save him from demanding himself by being water-carrier to one of your breed. Hurroo for the Carty's!"

And, without waiting for his foe's retort, which was by no means slack or slow in coming, he brandished his shillelagh, and, followed by his friends, rushed on to the combat. Furious and deadly would have been the affray—indeed, at its conclusion, the candidates for sepulture would scarcely have been limited to two, but just at the critical moment, five or six well-armed "peelers" were seen advancing. The constable who headed them was a shrewd elderly man, thoroughly versed in the character of the people, and "up" to all their ways. He did not make any hostile demonstration, but, interposing boldly between the parties,

"For shame, boys," he said, "for shame, to be fighting and destroying one another over the cold corpses of them that deserve better usage at your hands."

"Mr. Nagle," said the leader of the Callaghans, lowering his brandished cudgel—a pacific movement which produced a pause between the combatants on both sides—"I'm satisfied to leave it all to you, for 't is well known you're an honest, sensible man; though, not being of our profession, 't is n't reasonable to suppose you'd feel the same as we do in regard of the other world. However, you see, we won the race fair; and I put it to you, now, is it right that them *shingueens* forninst you should bury their friend first, and have Thady Callaghan attending the likes of him with water?"

"Hould yer tongue!" exclaimed the warlike chief of the Carty's; "'t is happy and proud the best Callaghan that ever handled a spade ought to be, to put his hands under the feet of a Carty! Whether or no, we're here as well as you, and the never a sod shall be laid this blessed day on Tade Callaghan's grave, till we have our own Denis handsomely settled."

"T is folly to talk that way, man, while every mother's son of us here is able and willing to fight you—ay, and to take the consate well out of you, too, and show that your fists, at the best of times, aren't equal to yer tongues."

"Oh! as to prate and palaver," retorted his adversary, "'t is aisy seen who has the most of it; but you might as well get holy wather out of a minister's wig as be standing argufying here with me."*

"Whist, boys, whist, with that unsignified talk," said Nagle, "and let me insense you at wanst into the rights of the matter. 'T is a sin and a shame for any two sets of Christians, let alone neighbors,

*This sentence was taken down, verbatim, from the lips of a countryman, a few weeks since.

to be fighting with one another, like wild bastes, over the bodies of the dead. Callaghans and Cartys, you seemed both of you to come up purty much about the same time. Now, I'd like to know what's to hinder Father Jerry—I see him coming towards us now, walking, poor man, as fast as the gout will let him—what's to hinder him, I say, from standing right between the two graves, and reading the service for both at wanst. Then you may lower the two corpses into the ground exactly at the same moment; so that Sir Isaac Newton himself, that flogged the world at algebra, could n't tell which would have to draw the first pail of water."

This well-timed suggestion seemed to give general satisfaction. It was immediately acted upon, to the great joy and relief of the good Father Jerry, whom repeated attacks of gout had rendered less active than heretofore in the discharge of that arduous portion of his pastoral duties which included promiscuous flagellation. After the simultaneous interment of the bodies, all present dispersed peaceably to their several homes; perfectly satisfied that, in consequence of Nagle's ingenious expedient, the purgatorial labor of water-carrying would be fairly divided between the departed.

Soon afterwards a circumstance occurred in the same place, somewhat similar to the above, yet also differing from it. Mr. —— had been very kind and constant in visiting and relieving a poor man who lived at some distance, and who had long been afflicted with an incurable disease. His dim eyes used to brighten, and his thin hands were clasped together, as, with all the fervor of an Irish heart, and all the eloquence of an Irish tongue, he was wont to invoke unnumbered blessings on the head of the visitor, who, kneeling beside his straw pallet, sought to direct his mind towards the things of the eternal world. At length he died, and his family were left desolate mourners. They were poor—miserably so—and could not afford "a handsome wake;" but, when the day of interment arrived, the remains of Daniel Lynch were followed to the grave by a weeping train of relatives, whose hearts swelled with sorrow, deeper perhaps and more sincere than is sometimes found under crepes and sable drapery. Their number, however, was few when compared with the crowds that thronged towards the house of a rich farmer, who had died on the same day, and was to be buried at the same hour as his humble neighbor.

It so happened, that Mr. —— was again in his garden, engaged in the pleasant task of cultivating his flowers, and watering them from a clear well, which bubbled up near the boundary edge. Even in that country, famous for its thousand sparkling streams—"diamonds engraved in a setting of emeralds," a jeweller might call them, if a jeweller happened to be taken poetical—this spring was distinguished for the sweetness and clearness of its waters. He looked up, as the keening met his ear, and saw the two parties approaching. They met at the churchyard gate, and for a moment, loud sounds of contention and mutual threatenings of hostility drowned the plaintive tones of grief. Mr. —— immediately hastened towards the ground, and when he arrived there, saw with pleasure that the weaker party had resolved to yield. Already the priest's voice was heard reading the solemn service over the rich man's grave, while poor Daniel's friends drew moodily aside, and bent their eyes on his humble coffin. Mr. —— went towards them, wishing to speak some words of comfort, but they

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seemed not to regard him. At length the widow, clasping her hands, threw herself on her knees, and raising her streaming eyes towards his face, cried, with a voice as earnest as though she were begging for her life—

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

THE man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last;
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine:
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they
wring
From the pangs of thy despair;
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe:
But never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse it, and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.

"Ah! Mr. —, 'tis yourself that was fond of him, while he was alive; and sure, now that he's gone, and has the sore burden laid an him, you won't refuse to let him go to your well for the water!"

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there *now* such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Elihu Burritt's Christian Citizen.

In the following statement, a well-informed correspondent calls attention to a peculiarity in the royal family of England, not hitherto pointed out.—"Ever since the accession of the house of Guelph, royalty has freed itself from one of the most universal and honorable, though somewhat expensive, duties of kindred; and this too without observation, much less censure. The poorest of mankind mark the grave of parents, wife, and children, by some humble memorial; the richer place tablets or raise tombs to their relatives. So gratifying to the heart is this duty, that rarely if ever is it omitted from any other cause than poverty. A foreigner visits the royal depository in St. George's Chapel, and asks where are the royal monuments? But no son, daughter, brother, nephew, or niece of the present dynasty, has erected a funeral monument of any kind to the kindred dead. Even if affection did not produce such a testimonial, it might have been expected from regard to ancient custom, and from a desire to conform to the habits of civilized life. The only monuments to our kings and their descendants, with the exception of the statue to George the Third in Windsor Park, by George the Fourth, and of the beautiful mausoleum which the King of Hanover is building in memory of his consort, have been erected by the public; and in the instance only of the Princess Charlotte's monument, which was raised by subscription, has one been placed in church or chapel. There is absolutely nothing—not even an engraved slab—to tell where the ashes of George the First, Second, Third, and Fourth, and William the Fourth, or of any one of all their numerous progeny, repose. No doubt, the world knows; and the omission is only remarkable or important from its being at variance with the custom of the country, from the injury which it has caused to art, and from the idea which it creates of heartlessness in the survivors; not one of whom has expended a shilling on what would appear to be the most natural of social duties."

WHO WANTS A CROWN ?

REALLY the market will be over-stocked shortly with crowns. A throne must be a very hard seat, stuffed, probably, with thorns, for no less than four royal bodies are anxious to exchange it for the easy chair of private life. The Emperor of Russia wishes to become a plain subject, and intends putting in an advertisement in the "Royal Gazette" of St. Petersburg, that the imperial diadem is to be let by the day, month, or year; Leopold, also, is burning to throw off the ermine and to assume the registered paletot. The Queen of Spain likewise has had enough of the bitters of royalty, and wishes to taste a few of the sweets of domestic bliss. There is a report, too, that the Pope is tired of wearing the three tiaras, and that his head aches to put on again the cardinal's hat.

This universal throwing up of crowns, diadems, and tiaras, proves that there is something in the wind, or that such cumbersome ornaments are not the best adapted for keeping the head cool. The warm weather may have something to do with it. We only know we would not carry on our forehead an immense machine which the diamonds alone must make heavier than a porter's knot, and all for the sake of being called king, and having lord mayors read interminable addresses to you, beginning with the absurd question of—"May it please your majesty?" when the trumpery adulation is sure to have the contrary effect. We cannot help thinking how difficult the change will be at first from royalty to a respectable life. It will take some time for a king to contract the habits of social intercourse; and even the common act of speaking to a servant as a human being will require no little practice. We are anxious to see how those who have done nothing from their royal papahood but command others, can command themselves. If Nicholas cannot acquire this difficult art, we tell him candidly he will be subject to innumerable annoyances. His servants will be continually giving him warning—his friends will be cutting him—and his acquaintances, if he provokes them too much with an assumed air of superiority, which would be overlooked if he were a sovereign, but which will assuredly be resented if he is merely a private individual, like Nicholas Nickleby, will be giving him into charge as disorderly, or something worse; and he will experience, for the first time of his life, the unpleasantness of sending for a householder at twelve o'clock at night to come and bail him out.

However, if, in his new career, he should be visiting London, we shall be very happy to teach him the courtesies of private life, and to show him what it is to live like a gentleman. We will forget past grievances, Nicholas—rub Poland out of our recollection—forgive you our petty banishment from your kingdom—and shall be happy to see you, in Fleet street, to a quiet chop, any day you like; and we think we can promise you as nice a glass of port wine as can be got in England, or anywhere else.—Our dinner-hour is six. We mention this, so that Leopold may know where to call should he ever want a dinner; and that Isabella may know where there is always a knife and fork for her, and no fear of meeting Assis; and that our noble friend the Pope may know where there is a kindred spirit, who, at that hour, will feel the greatest pleasure, seven days a week, in drinking as many toasts as he chooses, in the depth of his generous heart, to propose "to the regeneration of Italy." We do not pretend to take in Louis Philippe in the list of

our invitations, for we do not think there is much chance of his resigning his crown. But, really, we should like to make our little place a "House of Call for Sovereigns," if it is only to let them learn, from example, the happy secret of being contented; for we shrewdly suspect it is only for the want of that dear jewel, that a bunch of so many crowns is likely to be flung into the street as rubbish.—*Punch.*

COMING EVENTS.—A RUSSELLITE RELIC.

LITTLE wot ye what 's coming,
(If hustings' promise be not humming :)
Sanitary Rule 's coming,
Gaol and Workhouse School 's coming,
Railway Legislation 's coming,
Prison Regulation 's coming,
Poor man's Church Extension 's coming
City Graves Prevention 's coming,
Window Tax Reduction 's coming,
Popular Instruction 's coming,
Soldiers' Education 's coming,
Unfettered Navigation 's coming,
Repeal of Scotch Entail 's coming
Irish Lands' quick sale 's coming,
Peace is coming, Plenty 's coming,
Foreign Kine in twenties coming,
Wealth is coming, Health is coming—
Strange that so, by stealth, they 're coming;
From the hustings members see 'em,
And call on us to sing "*Tu Deum.*"
Huzza, Huzza ! for whig profession !
The Land of Promise is "next session!"

Punch.

From the Knickerbocker.

RAILWAY RIDING.

THE ensuing lines are quite in the style of Thackeray's "Peg of Limavady;" yet they are perfectly original, and do not even verge upon parody. The reader will observe how completely the measure chimes with rail-road motion :

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges ;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me !—this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail !

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same !
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together.

Gentleman in shorts
Looming very tall ;
Gentleman at large
Talking very small ;
Gentleman in tights
With a loose-ish mien ;
Gentleman in gray
Looking rather green ;

Gentleman quite old
Asking for the news ;
Gentleman in black
In a fit of "blues;"
Gentleman in claret
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in snuff
Dreadfully in liquor :

Stranger on the right
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles are thicker;
Wonder what they mean?
Faith! he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers!
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing "eggs are eggs,"
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that "a smash,"
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks:
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger.

Woman with her baby
Sitting vis-à-vis;
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the ears
Are so very shocking!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me!—this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

J. G. S.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MEMORIES STIRRED BY THE SIGHT OF FLOWERS FROM AN OLD HOME.

SACRED to me, ye precious flowers,
Sacred ye are!
For ye have bloomed in that home of ours,
That home afar;

Where in the freshness of childhood's hours
We used to dwell;
Ye have been plucked from those leafy bower
We loved so well;
And ye bring back the mem'ries of other times
Like the music of old-remembered chimes.

Memories ye bring of bright days departed
When, children, we,
Full of gay hope and summer-hearted,
Deemed life to be
A world, wherein no wish was thwarted.
How false the thought,
The pangs 'neath which we since have smarted
Too soon have taught;
For each year hath swept by with an autumn blast,
Bearing fallen hopes to the buried past.

Others now dwell in that cherished place;
Strange footsteps tread
The self-same paths where, in sportive chase,
So oft we've sped;
Yet of our presence remains no trace,
No single one;
The flowers laugh on in their gleaming grace,
Though we are gone;
And no memory burdens the joyous wind
Of the thousand sighs we left behind.

They have changed and new-modeled the aspect old
Of that loved spot;
They have made it better and fairer, I'm told:
I should love it not.
Oh, dearer to me ten thousand-fold
Its unaltered face!
And better to see it deserted and cold,
A silent place;
Where would every stone and every weed
Have a tale to tell and a cause to plead.

Where each would with touching voice recall
Some bygone sport,
Teeming with thousand memories, all
Of joyous sort;
Of some gleesome game of hoop or ball,
Some playful strife,
Now laid aside for the sterner thrall
Of earnest life;
Whilst others reap the smiles and flowers,
Which once we deemed so fondly ours.

And he before whose glance of light
Pale Sorrow fled,
Whose soul was the home of all things bright,
Sleeps with the dead.
How many eyes did the welcome sight
Of his smile rejoice!
How many hearts listened with fond delight
To his kindly voice! [wave
It is hushed, and those hearts beat as light as the
Of the grass that grows over his silent grave.

Ah, this is the bitter and desolate thought,
Death's chiefest woe,
To feel how soon we are deemed as nought,
When laid below;
Forgotten by those who our presence sought
With loving hearts,
When in this pageant of honors bought
We bore our parts.
We die, and the tide of life's busy scene
Rolls onward as though we had never been.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ARM CHAIR.

In my new form I was called a chair ; there were a great many so called in the room : they looked very dark at me, for I suppose I was considered a *parvenu* ; but I little heeded them, for my attention was attracted to a beautiful child, who, at that moment, entered the magnificent chamber. Her fair locks flew wildly about her angelic face, and with a light and airy motion she sprang towards me. She stood and gazed upon me with childish delight, admiring my graceful form ; I really felt as if my velvet blushed a deeper crimson beneath her dove-like eyes.

I had a noble heart of oak, and I felt it bound as it were to the fair child : a moment more—guess my confusion—envy me my delight ! she sprang into my extended arms, and I held in a close embrace the beautiful child, whose life will form the subject of my recital ; and although the facts may be wanting in interest to you, to me they are hallored by a sweet remembrance of one of earth's fairest creatures. Heaven knows I am not given to sentimentalize, nor do I intend to harrow your feelings by scenes of bloodshed or hairbreadth escapes ; it is in verity a simplicity, the very sweeteness of which makes to me its best sentiment.

The girl that I held in my arms was about thirteen years of age, "fair and beautiful to look upon," the only child of the owner of the magnificent domain in which I had become a retainer.

He was a stern, proud man, whose early life had been passed in heart-burnings and neglect, consequent upon his position of younger brother. Of an ambitious and fiery temperament, he, from his early childhood, had fretted under the every-day occurrence of seeing his elder brother, the rising sun, claim from all classes the incense paid to his position. Envy had thus early entered a heart which otherwise would have been noble and good, turning all his better feelings to gall and bitterness.

When manhood put the heir into full possession of his envied rights, he married, and was blessed with a family, entirely crushing the hopes of his youngest brother as to any chance of succession.

He soon after married an amiable lady, to whom he had been for some time contracted, and as years wore on, he saw his own child mingle with the fair promising blossoms of his brother ; but he experienced a pang as he felt she was only the daughter of a younger brother.

His brother's eldest son, a fine boy of about seven years of age, was the constant playfellow and chevalier to his child, showing that strong predilection for her that roused the hopes again in his embittered heart. It might be that they would grow up in love together, and the inheritance be shared in by himself through the marriage of his child. Even distant as this vision was, it still gave a balm to the rankling spirit that possessed him.

Time had rolled on, when some estates, inherited through a distant relation, called for the presence of the lord of the manor to superintend the arrangement. Finding that he must be absent from home for some months, as the estates were in Ireland, he resolved to take his family with him, leaving his brother in possession ; for travelling in those days was not a thing so easily done as I am informed it is in the present.

They parted with many mutual expressions of affection, but they met no more ! The vessel in which they had embarked foundered on the danger-

ous coast to which they were bound, and all perished.

The younger brother became the lord !

What whisperings from his heart disturbed the triumph of his hopes. How he blushed at the ambition that stopped the springs of sorrow, which ought to have gushed forth for his poor brother's sake. He became the unhappy possessor of all that had ever gilded and given enchantment to his day-dreams, for his heart told him the price at which it had been bought.

These combating feelings turned him into a stern and misanthropic man ; his only pleasure being to return threefold the former neglect of his present parasites ; but he was only revenging himself upon himself.

He had no son to carry down the honors of the house. The child he loved so fondly could only be the means of taking those splendid domains to aggrandize another name. She had grown into a beautiful girl of fifteen, when her father was startled by a letter, stating that a youth was then in Ireland, who, from all that could be gathered, was supposed to be the son of his lost brother. He trembled ! Was the staff to be snatched from his hand, and he again thrust back into his former position ? The thought was annihilating : he was almost frenzied. He read again and again the startling missive. The boy, it had stated, had been seized by the wreckers, who, fearing they might be deprived of their plunder, had carried off the child—the only soul living—and after some time, finding him a burthen, had left him at a convent door, where the charity of the monks had sheltered him. They, pleased with his manners, had instructed him, and kept him amongst them for some three or four years. Fragments of recollection ever and anon came over his mind, which he communicated to the kind fathers. The wreck was an occurrence well remembered, and it was resolved that he should be taken to the spot. This being done, the influence of the priests soon wrung from the peasantry many reliques of the wreck, among which was a miniature of his father. This led on to a train which after much painful search ended in the discovery of his relations, and the despatching of the letter which so disturbed his uncle.

How different were the feelings of the fair girl whose splendid inheritance was jeopardized by the reappearance of her cousin ! Joy bounded in her heart, and she thought only of the preservation of one who had been the beloved playfellow of her childhood. She counted the hours that kept him from her embrace. But her unworldly heart was doomed to receive a pang from the mysteriously cold and startling behavior of her father. The pleasure which she experienced he refused to share in. He spoke of the impostures of the world, and the caution necessary in an affair of such consequence ; hinting at its being most probably a fraud by some persons well acquainted with the affairs of the family, but that he would see the youth on his arrival. Nothing, of course, but the most ample and satisfactory proofs could be expected to be received when it involved a stake of such magnitude.

A shadow fell over her innocent heart when she, for the first time, heard the words of caution and distrust. She felt how sad it would make her if her true dear cousin was, by overweening caution, kept back from the door of his paternal mansion, and those who ought to welcome him with open arms received him only with closed hearts.

Through all these misgivings, she felt that she could not be deceived ; that no pretender could be like her noble little cousin and playmate. She almost forgot, in the enthusiasm of her warm heart, that the boy must now be a youth fast approaching manhood, and that she was merging from the confines of girlhood into the full bloom of early womanhood.

Her mind was continually agitated by the enacting again and again the anxiously expected meeting. Her spirits became depressed, and she avoided the stern face of her father, which put to flight all her enchanting day-dreams.

Her father commenced proceedings as if to meet an enemy. He invited the counsel of men learned in the law, that no slur should for moment rest on his character, and that every appearance of justice should be rendered to the expected claimant ; but he inwardly felt how difficult it would be for a friendless youth, after the lapse of years, though few, to establish his identity, and his claim to a property of so much consequence, since the principal evidence would be his own vague recollections, and the connecting testimony of men of known disreputable character, at the very point at which it was most vital to have undoubted correctness ; as the reverend men who had so kindly sheltered and instructed him knew nothing but what was afforded by the child's own reminiscences.

The remembrance of his early struggles and heart-burning, came back to his mind with twofold force, and hardened his feelings. To be again subject to the coldness of those who had once neglected him and on whom he had unfortunately taken a revenge, which, in the event of his losing position, would not be forgotten, was too bitter, and he already shrank from their expected exultation and triumphant sneers.

His mind was tossed in a continual tempest. He vain attempted to steel himself against the remembrance of his kind brother. He almost relented when he pictured the child of that brother returning to throw himself into his arms as his only protector, and there to find a stern enemy anxious alone for the failure of his claim. He inwardly hoped that no likeness of his brother would plead for the youth and appeal to him unanswerably. In fact, he trembled in fear that his heart might speak. He was a weak, but not a bad man ; and the delight so frankly expressed by his innocent child rebuked him in a voice that would not be stifled.

Many days did that beautiful girl recline her graceful form in my arms, for I was called her chair, and I was proud of the title ; but I was grieved to see the hectic fever on her cheek, and the tears bedimming her eyes. The sternness of her father had alarmed her timid spirit, and she cowered, for the first time, at the approach of one hitherto only loved and sought with all the fervor of her disposition. The house that had only sounded with life and merriment, had now become silent and dreary, as if in expectation of some dire calamity.

At last the eventful day arrived. Kind friends from another land brought the youth home to the house of his father. If his heart beat tumultuously as the deep glades burst upon his view, rushing back upon his mind as if dreamt of in some pleasant dream, what were the feelings of the father and daughter who sat amidst their friends in a suspense of mingled feelings, almost amounting to agony.

He stood before his uncle. All eyes for a moment were fixed upon him, and then turned to look upon his uncle, who seemed to feel the universal

gaze. He could not rise, but continued to gaze upon the noble-looking youth who stood confused and abashed before him.

One beautiful face, bathed in tears and crimsoned with agitation, claimed his notice. It was that of his fair cousin. He knew it must be her, but he dared not approach her. The painful silence made him irresolute.

She felt in one moment that her true cousin stood before her. She looked from her father's face to his. The hand of nature pointed unerringly to his beautiful face as the certificate of his right. She saw no one but him, and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, rose timidly from her seat, and, taking him kindly by the hand, led him blushingly to her chair which stood beside her father, then, without a word, left the chamber to hide her emotion.

That simple action, so full of the tenderness of her nature, struck upon the hearts of all present ; whilst the proud heart of the father trembled as he saw the effect of it upon the persons present.

Summoning up his wavering resolution, he gave him a cold and distant welcome ; and, then turning to his legal advisers, proceeded to listen to the proofs and evidences of the friends who had accompanied him from the scene of his family's disaster.

Days passed on in the difficult investigation, but nothing beyond what was expected by the uncle could be produced by the nephew to substantiate his claim. These were of too vague a character to be of sufficient weight in the minds of the persons assembled, to give him possession of the property. Notwithstanding which, all felt and saw the powerful likelihood which the youth bore to the family.

He wandered daily about the domain, where he continually found objects that he knew he must have seen before, but was convinced that his own evidence in his own cause would not avail him. Messengers were despatched to Ireland to endeavor to get some more connecting links, during which time he remained an inmate of the mansion with his friends.

Often would the cousins meet, as if by chance ; and each meeting convinced them both, from many reminiscences of their childhood, that his claim was a just one ; but they had to convince cold and worldly hearts, and her pleadings to her father were only answered in a cold and reproachful manner that forbade the repetition of them. His anger was really against himself, for he would have rejoiced, had he dared, to have pressed the child of his brother to his heart. But he had not moral courage enough to prompt him to yield up the title and estate that were as his life.

Thus every protracted delay caused by the case demanding some more convincing evidence, gave him a pleasure mixed with pain : for he could not but feel that the youth who treated him with such deference, leaving his cause entirely in the hands of the man to whom it was of the most consequence that it should fail, was the noble child of his brother.

The sun was shining with meridian splendor into the noble chamber which I and my kindred chairs were appointed to ornament. The painted windows stood open for the soft summer air to bear in the sweet odors of the clustering flowers, and the birds softly twitted as they ensconced themselves from the summer heat in the deep shadows of the noble trees. The blue sky sparkled like an amethyst, and the sheep lay dotted on the breezy downs, sending the soft music of their bells into the verdant valleys be-

neath them. All nature seemed in a delicious languor.

I held in my arms the form of a noble youth. He had seated himself to gaze upon the portraits of his mother and father that were hanging opposite. Their forms were arousing his struggling recollections. He felt that he was their child; but a melancholy came over his young heart as his uncle mixed himself up with his thoughts. His sternness chilled him, and he prayed that he might be proved the rightful heir to the satisfaction of all, not for the worldly advantages, but that he might in such an event show the father and daughter that he was worthy of his descent.

But the image of the daughter was far more often before his mental vision than that of the father, for she had tacitly acknowledged him. The first pressure of her hand, when no other hand was held out to welcome him, remained indelible; and he desired his success if it brought him no other good than that of being her cousin.

He mused and mused until the soft influence of the day drew him into a deep slumber.

A light foot, as he closed his eyes, entered the chamber. The fair object of his thoughts—and, perchance, his dreams—stood beside him. She gazed timidly at his sleeping figure. She scanned his features intently, as she would not have dared to do had he been waking. She looked from him to the portraits opposite. Her bosom heaved and her face flushed, for the soft air from the window blew his dark locks aside, and discovered a deep scar upon his forehead. She almost uttered an exclamation. She pressed her hands to her bosom, for she had recognized an undeniable proof of his identity. In his early childhood he had, in seeking a nest for her, fallen from a tree, and nearly caused his death by the violence of the blow which had left the deep scar that now so truly witnessed for him.

She hurried, without awakening him, from the chamber. A beautiful smile passed over her face as she did so, for hope had entered her heart.

I confess that the minutes seemed long to me, for the suddenness of her action startled me, and I felt that she had taken some noble resolve, which she was about to carry out.

On her re-appearance, she was accompanied by her father, whose face was pale from agitation. She seemed to have been recounting to him what had passed, but she ceased speaking as she entered. She led him towards the sleeping youth and pointed to the scar. A fierce struggle was powerfully agitating the father's bosom; he turned irresolutely from the boy; as he did so, his eyes met the imploring look of his own child.

She pressed his hands against her innocent bosom, and said in a low but emphatic voice, "Father, we know him to be what he represents himself to be. Think of the nobleness of deciding against yourself for your own tranquillity and mine. Your heart, I know, is conquered; 't is but your pride remains to be so."

THE recent official disclosures in France have borne their first political fruit in an imposing demonstration at Colmar; where 150 electors of the Department of the Upper Rhine assembled to denounce the public corruption. M. Rossée, first president of the Royal Court of Colmar, filled the chair; supported by M. Sturch, deputy for the Upper Rhine, and several members of the Municipal Councils of Strasburg and Mulhausen. The fol-

What father could resist the power of such eloquence when it pleaded for her loss, only looking to his gain?

The next moment found the bewildered youth startled from his dreams and clutched in the fervent embrace of his uncle, whilst his fair cousin, smiling through her tears and sobs, stood by his side the happiest of the trio. * * *

A happy man wandered through the chambers that were so late his own. He was now only the guardian of the heir. But he had lost no honors. Good men clasped him by the hand; every face smiled upon him, for every heart applauded him. He had gained a greater estate than he had lost. He had his own self-esteem.

As time rolled on he found the reward in the certain fulfilment of his wishes. His nephew seemed only to exist in the presence of his child. No word had been spoken of their love. The tongue had not been as yet trusted with the soft confession. The eyes alone had been in mutual understanding. I believe I may say that I was the first to be a party concerned; for, from the day so eventful to the fortunes of the heir, when he had been so agreeably awakened in my arms, that fair girl seemed to have taken a stronger attachment to me, and sought me on all occasions when she wished to enjoy her day-dreams alone.

One evening her cousin found her seated there. He placed himself at her feet.

What he said was very broken and disjointed. What she said was more so; but, strange to say, they seemed perfectly to understand each other. I won't say I saw him kiss her, as it was fast falling twilight, but, if I may judge from the sound, it appeared to me to be one. But this I say under correction. * * *

They were married upon his coming of age; at least I imagine so from the ringing of bells, and happy faces that kept continually passing and repassing.

In all her bridal beauty I was her chosen throne. She was the queen of hearts that day, and so did she ever remain, for her conduct was known to all from the affectionate and proud father.

As soon as she had strength to carry their first infant she placed him in my lap, for I had been the cause of all her happiness. I confess to you that I was rather an awkward nurse at first, but I soon got accustomed to be drummed by tiny heels, which gave me continual occupation. * * *

One calm and lovely evening I supported a white-haired old man, beside an open window that admitted the cool and sweet autumnal air. By his side sat his two children, to whom he spoke in low and feeble whispers. Each held an attenuated hand, and watched with fond affection the glimmering light of life that still held him in the mortal world.

They knelt before him, and his hands were placed upon their heads; and he passed from life with a smile of thanksgiving that Heaven had blessed him in the gift of such children.

lowing toasts, given from the chair, were enthusiastically cheered—"Electoral reform," "The union of nations," "The French revolution," "The realization of its doctrines and principles," "The organization of labor," and "The probity of public authorities." The king's health was received with solemn silence, followed by a cry for the "Marseillaise."—*Spect.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EMERALD STUDS. A REMINISCENCE OF
THE CIRCUIT.

CHAPTER I.

"HALLO, Tom! Are you not up yet? Why, man, the judges have gone down to the court half an hour ago, escorted by the most ragged regiment of ruffians that ever handled a Lochaber-axe."

Such was my matutinal salutation to my friend Thomas Strachan, as I entered his room on a splendid spring morning. Tom and I were early college allies. We had attended, or rather, to speak more correctly, taken out tickets for the different law classes during the same sessions. We had fulminated together within the walls of the Juridical Society on legal topics which might have broken the heart of Erskine, and rewarded ourselves diligently thereafter with the usual relaxations of a crab and a comfortable tumbler. We had aggravated the same grinder with our deplorable exposition of the Pandects; and finally assumed, on the same day, the full-blown honors of the advocate's wig and gown. Nor did our fraternal parallel end there; for although we had walked the boards of the parliament house with praiseworthy diligence for a couple of sessions, neither of us had experienced the dulcet sensation which is communicated to the palm by the contact of the first professional guinea. In vain did I attempt to insinuate ourselves into the good graces of the agents, and coin our intellects into such jocular remarks as are supposed to find most favor in the eyes of facetious practitioners. In vain did I carry about with me, for a whole week, an artificial process most skilfully made up; and in vain did Tom compound and circulate a delectable ditty, entitled, "The Song of the Multiplepoinding." Not a single solicitor would listen to our wooing, or even intrust us with the task of making the simplest motion. I believe they thought me too fast, and Tom too much of a genius; and, therefore, both of us were left among the ranks of the briefless army of the stove. This would not do. Our souls burned within us with a noble thirst for legal fame and fees. We held a consultation (without an agent) at the Rainbow, and finally determined that since Edinburgh would not hear us, Jedburgh should have the privilege of monopolizing our maiden eloquence at the ensuing justiciary circuit. Jedburgh presents a capital field to the ambition of a youthful advocate. Very few counsel go that way; the cases are usually trifling, and the juries easily bamboozled. It has besides this immense advantage—that should you by any accident happen to break down, nobody will in all probability be the wiser for it, provided you have the good sense to ingratiate yourself with the circuit-clerk.

Tom and I arrived at Jedburgh the afternoon before the circuit began. I was not acquainted with a human being within the parliamentary boundaries of that respectable borough, and therefore experienced but a slight spasm of disappointment, when informed by the waiter at the inn, that no inquiries had yet been made after me, on the part of writers desirous of professional assistance. Strachan had been wiser. Somehow or other, he had got a letter of introduction to one Baillie Beerie, a notable civic dignitary of the place; and accordingly, on presenting his credentials, was invited by that functionary to dinner, with a hint that he "might maybe see a wheen real leddies in the evening." This pointed so plainly to a white choker and dress boots, that

Strachan durst not take the liberty of volunteering the attendance of his friend; and accordingly I had been left alone to wile away, as I best might, the tedium of a sluggish evening. Before starting, however, Tom pledged himself to return in time for supper; as he entertained a painful conviction that the party would be excessively slow.

So long as it was light, I amused myself pretty well, by strolling along the banks of the river, and enunciating a splendid speech for the pannel in an imaginary case of murder. However, before I reached the peroration, (which was to consist of a vivid picture of the death-bed of a despairing juryman, conscience-stricken by the recollection of an erroneous verdict,) the shades of evening began to close in; the trouts ceased to leap in the pool, and the rooks desisted from their cawing. I returned to discuss my solitary mutton at the inn; and then, having nothing to do, sat down to a moderate libation, and an odd number of the Temperance Magazine, which valuable tract had been left for the reformation of the traveller by some peripatetic disciple of Father Mathew.

Nine o'clock came, but so did not Strachan. I began to wax wroth, muttered anathemas against my faithless friend, rang for the waiter, and—having ascertained the fact that a masonic lodge was that evening engaged in celebrating the festival of its peculiar patron—I set out for the purpose of assisting in the pious and mystic labors of the Brethren of the Jedburgh St. Jeremy. At twelve, when I returned to my quarters, escorted by the junior deacon, I was informed that Strachan had not made his appearance, and accordingly I went to bed.

Next morning I found Tom, as already mentioned, in his couch. There was a fine air of negligence in the manner in which his habiliments were scattered over the room. One glazed boot lay within the fender, whilst the other had been chuck'd into a coal-scuttle; and there were evident marks of mud on the surface of his glossy kerseymeres. Strachan himself looked excessively pale, and the sole rejoinder he made to my preliminary remark was, a request for soda-water.

"Tom," said I, inexpressibly shocked at the implied confession of the nature of his vespers—"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself! Have you no higher regard for the dignity of the bar you represent, than to expose yourself before a Jedburgh baillie!"

"Dignity be hanged!" replied the incorrigible Strachan. "Baillie Beerie is a brick, and I won't hear a word against him. But, O Fred! if you only knew what you missed last night! Such a splendid woman—by Jove, sir, a thoroughbred angel. A bust like one of Titian's beauties, and the voice of a lovelorn nightingale!"

"One of the Misses Beerie, I presume. Come, Tom, I think I can fill up your portrait. Hair of the auburn complexion, slightly running into the carrot-skin fair, but freckled—greenish eyes—red elbows—culpable ankles—elephantine waist—and sentiments savoring of the secession."

"Ring the bell for the waiter, and hold your impious tongue. You never were further from the mark in your life. The wing of the raven is not more glossy than her hair—and oh, the depth and melting lustre of those dark unfathomable eyes! Waiter! a bottle of soda-water, and you may put in a thimbleful of cognac."

"Come, Tom!—none of your ravings. Is this an actual Armida, or a new freak of your own imagination?"

"*Bonâ fide*—an angel in everything, barring the wings."

"Then how the deuce did such a phenomenon happen to emerge at the bailie's?"

"That's the very question I was asking myself during the whole time of dinner. She was clearly not a Scotswoman. When she spoke, it was in the sweet low accents of a southern clime; and she waived away the proffered haggis with an air of the prettiest disgust!"

"But the bailie knew her?"

"Of course he did. I got the whole story out of him after dinner, and, upon my honor, I think it is the most romantic one I ever heard. About a week ago, the lady arrived here without attendants. Some say she came in the mail-coach—others in a dark travelling chariot and pair. However, what matters it? the jewel can derive no lustre or value from the casket!"

"Yes—but one always likes to have some kind of idea of the setting. Get on."

"She seemed in great distress, and inquired whether there were any letters at the post-office addressed to the Honorable Dorothea Percy. No such epistle was to be found. She then interrogated the landlord whether an elderly lady, whose appearance she minutely described, had been seen in the neighborhood of Jedburgh; but except old Mrs. Slammington of Summertrees, who has been bed-ridden for years, there was nobody in the county who at all answered to the description. On hearing this, the lady seemed profoundly agitated—shut herself up in a private parlor, and refused all sustenance."

"Had she not a reticule with sandwiches, Tom?"

"Do not tempt me to commit justifiable homicide—you see I am in the act of shaving.—At last the landlady, who is a most respectable person, and who felt deeply interested at the desolate situation of the poor young lady, ventured to solicit an interview. She was admitted. There are moments when the sympathy of even the humblest friend is precious. Miss Percy felt grateful for the interest so displayed, and confided the tale of her griefs to the matronly bosom of the hostess."

"And she told you?"

"No—but she told Bailie Beerie. That active magistrate thought it his duty to interfere. He waited upon Miss Percy, and from her lips he gathered the full particulars of her history. Percy is not her real name, but she is the daughter of an English peer of very ancient family. Her father having married a second time, Dorothea was exposed to the persecutions of a low-minded, vulgar woman, whose ideas were of that mean and mercenary description which characterize the Caucasian race. Naomi Shekels was the offspring of a Jew, and she hated, whilst she envied, the superior charms of the noble Norman maiden. But she had gained an enormous supremacy over the wavering intellect of the elderly viscount; and Dorothea was commanded to receive, with submission, the addresses of a loathsome apostate, who had made a prodigious fortune in the railways."

"One of the tribe of Issachar?"

"Exactly. A miscreant whose natural function was the vending of cast habiliments. Conceive, Fred, what the fair young creature must have felt at the bare idea of such shocking spouses! She besought, prayed, implored—but all in vain. Mammon had taken too deep a root in the paternal heart—the old coronet had been refurbished up by means of Israelitish gold, and the father could not see any

degradation in forcing upon his child an alliance similar to his own."

"You interest me excessively."

"Is it not a strange tale?" continued Thomas, adjusting a false collar round his neck. "I knew you would agree with me when I came to the pathetic part. Well, Fred, the altar was decked, the ornaments ready, the rabbi bespoke—"

"Do you mean to say, Strachan, that Lady Dorothea was to have been married after the fashion of the Jews?"

"I don't know exactly. I think Beerie said it was a rabbi; but that may have been a flight of his own imagination. However, somebody was ready to have tied the nuptial knot, and all the joys of existence, and its hopes, were about to fade forever from the vision of my poor Dorothea!"

"Your Dorothea!" cried I in amazement. "Why, Tom—you don't mean to insinuate that you have gone that length already?"

"Did I say mine?" repeated Strachan, looking somewhat embarrassed. "It was a mere figure of speech: you always take one up so uncommonly short.—Nothing remained for her but flight, or submission to the cruel mandate. Like a heroic girl, in whose veins the blood of the old crusaders was bounding, she preferred the former alternative. The only relation to whom she could apply in so delicate a juncture, was an aged aunt, residing somewhere in the north of Scotland. To her she wrote, beseeching her, as she regarded the memory of her buried sister, to receive her miserable child; and she appointed this town, Jedburgh, as the place of meeting."

"But where's the aunt?"

"That's just the mysterious part of the business. The crisis was so imminent that Dorothea could not wait for a reply. She disguised herself—packed up a few jewels which had been bequeathed to her by her mother—and, at the dead of night, escaped from her father's mansion. Judge of her terror when, on arriving here, panting and perhaps pursued, she could obtain no trace whatever of her venerable relative. Alone, inexperienced and unfriended, I tremble to think what might have been her fate had it not been for the kind humanity of Beerie."

"And what was the bailie's line of conduct?"

"He behaved to her, Fred, like a parent. He supplied her wants, and invited her to make his house her home, at least until the aunt should appear. But the noble creature would not subject herself to the weight of so many obligations. She accepted, indeed, his assistance, but preferred remaining here, until she could place herself beneath legitimate guardianship. And doubtless," continued Strachan with fervor, "her good angel is watching over her."

"And this is the whole story?"

"The whole."

"Do you know, Tom, it looks uncommonly like a piece of deliberate humbug!"

"Your ignorance misleads you, Fred. You would not say so had you seen her. So sweet—so gentle—with such a tinge of melancholy resignation in her eye, like that of a virgin martyr about to suffer at the stake! No one could look upon her for a moment, and doubt her purity and truth."

"Perhaps. But you must allow that we are not living exactly in the ages of romance. An elopement with an officer of dragoons is about the furthest extent of legitimate enterprise which is left to a modern damsel; and, upon my word, I think the

story would have told better, had some such hero been inserted as a sort of counterpoise to the Jew. But what's the matter? Have you lost anything?"

"It is very odd!" said Strachan. "I am perfectly certain that I had on my emerald studs last night. I recollect that Dorothea admired them exceedingly. Where on earth can I have put them?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I suspect, Tom, you and the Bailie were rather convivial after supper. Is your watch wound up?"

"Of course it is. I assure you you are quite wrong. It was a mere matter of four or five tumblers. Very odd this! Why—I can't find my watch neither!"

"Hallo! what the deuce! Have we fallen into a den of thieves? This is a nice beginning to our circuit practice."

"I could swear, Fred, that I put it below my pillow before I went to sleep. I remember, now, that it was some time before I could fit in the key. What can have become of it?"

"And you have not left your room since?"

"No, on my word of honor!"

"Pooh—pooch! Then it can't possibly be gone. Look beneath the bolster."

But in vain did we search beneath bolster, matrass, and blankets; yea, even downwards to the fundamental straw. Not a trace was to be seen of Cox Savory's horizontal lever, jewelled, as Tom pathetically remarked, in four special holes, and warranted to go for a year without more than a minute's deviation. Neither were the emerald studs, the pride of Strachan's heart, forthcoming. Boots, chamber-maid, and waiter were collectively summoned—all assisted in the search, and all asseverated their own integrity.

"Are ye sure, sir, that ye brocht them hame?" said the waiter, an acute lad, who had served his apprenticeship at a commercial tavern in the Gorbals; "ye was gey an' fou when ye cam in here yestreen."

"What do you mean, you rascal?"

"Ye ken ye wadna gang to bed till ye had another tumbler."

"Don't talk trash! It was the weakest cold-without in the creation."

"And then ye had a sair fecht on politics wi' anither man in the coffee-room."

"Ha! I remember now—the bagman, who is a member of the League! Where is the commercial villain?"

"He gaed aff at sax preccesely, this morning, in his gig, to Kelso."

"Then, by the head of Thistlewood!" cried Strachan, frantically, "my ticker will be turned into tracts against the corn-laws!"

"Hoot na!" said the waiter, "I canna think that. He looked an unco respectable-like man."

"No man can be respectable," replied the aristocratic Thomas, "who sports such infernal opinions as I heard him utter last night. My poor studs! Fred—they were a gift from Mary Rivers before we quarrelled, and I would not have lost them for the universe! Only think of them being exposed for sale at a free-trade bazar!"

"Come, Tom—they may turn up yet."

"Never in this world, except at a pawnbroker's. I could go mad to think that my last memorial of Mary is in all probability glittering in the unclean shirt of a bagman!"

"Had you not better apply to the Fiscal?"

"For what purpose? Doubtless the scoundrel

has driven off to the nearest railway, and is triumphantly counting the mile-posts as he steams to his native Leeds. No, Fred. Both watch and studs are gone beyond the hope of redemption."

"The loss is certainly a serious one."

"No doubt of it; but a thought strikes me. You recollect the edict, *nautæ, caupones, stabularii?* I have not studied the civil law for nothing, and am clearly of opinion, that in such a case the landlord is liable."

"By Jove! I believe you are right. But it would be as well to turn up Shaw and Dunlop for a precedent before you make any row about it. Besides, it may be rather difficult to establish that you lost them at the inn."

"If they only refer the matter to my oath, I can easily settle that point," replied Strachan. "Besides, now that I think of it, Miss Percy can speak to the watch. She asked me what o'clock it was just before we parted on the stairs."

"Eh, what! Is the lady in this house?"

"To be sure—did I not tell you so?"

"I say, Tom—could n't you contrive to let me have a peep at this angel of yours?"

"Quite impossible. She is the shyest creature in the world, and would shrink from the sight of a stranger."

"But, my dear Tom——"

"I can't do it, I tell you; so it's no use asking me."

"Well, I must say you are abominably selfish. But what on earth are you going to do with that red and blue Joinville! You can't go down to court without a white neckcloth."

"I am not going down to court."

"Why, my good fellow! what on earth is the meaning of this?"

"I am not going down to court, that's all. I say, Fred, how do I look in this sort of thing?"

"Uncommonly like a cock-pheasant in full plumage. But tell me what you mean?"

"Why, since you must needs know, I am going up stairs to breakfast with Miss Percy."

So saying, Mr. Strachan made me a polite bow, and left the apartment. I took my solitary way to the court-house, marvelling at the extreme rapidity of the effect which is produced by the envenomed darts of Cupid.

CHAPTER II.

On entering the court, I found that the business had commenced. An enormous raw-boned fellow, with a shock of the fieriest hair, and hands of such dimensions that a mere glimpse of them excited unpleasant sensations at your windpipe, was stationed at the bar, to which, from previous practice, he had acquired a sort of prescriptive right.

"James M'Wilkin, or Wilkinson, or Wilson," said the presiding judge, in a tone of disgust which heightened with each successive alias, "attend to the indictment which is about to be preferred against you."

And certainly, if the indictment contained a true statement of the facts, James M'Wilkin, or Wilkinson, or Wilson was about as thorough-paced a raider as ever perambulated a common. He was charged with sheep-stealing and assault; inasmuch as, on a certain night subsequent to the Kelso fair, he, the said individual with the plural denominations, did wickedly and feloniously steal, uplift, and away take from a field adjoining to the Northumberland road, six wethers, the property, or in the lawful possession of, Jacob Gubbins, grazier, then

and now or lately residing in Morpeth; and moreover, on being followed by the said Gubbins, who demanded restitution of his property, he, the said M'Wilkin, &c., had, in the most brutal manner, struck, knocked down, and lavished divers kicks upon the corporality of the Northumbrian bumpkin, to the fracture of three of his ribs, and otherwise to the injury of his person.

During the perusal of this formidable document by the clerk, M'Wilkin stood scratching his poll, and leering about him as though he considered the whole ceremony as a sort of solemn joke. I never in the course of my life cast eyes on a more nonchalant or unmitigated ruffian.

"How do you say, M'Wilkin," asked the judge; "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, aff course. D'ye tak me for a fule?" and M'Wilkin flounced down upon his seat, as though he had been an ornament to society.

"Have you a counsel?" asked the judge.

"De'il ane—nor a bawbee," replied the freebooter.

Acting upon the noble principle of Scottish jurisprudence, that no man shall undergo his trial without sufficient legal advice, his lordship in the kindest manner asked me to take charge of the fortunes of the forlorn M'Wilkin. Of course I made no scruples; for, so long as it was matter of practice, I should have felt no hesitation in undertaking the defence of Beelzebub. I therefore leaned across the dock, and exchanged a few hurried sentences with my first client.

"Why don't you plead guilty?"

"What for? I've been here before. Man, I'm thinking ye're a saft ane!"

"Did you not steal the sheep?"

"Ay—that's just the question. Let them find that out."

"But the grazier saw you?"

"I blackened his e'es."

"You'll be transported to a dead certainty."

"Deevil a fears, if ye're worth the price o' half a mutchkin. I'm saying—get me a Hawick jury, and it's a' richt. They ken me gey and weel thereabouts."

Although I was by no means satisfied in my own mind that an intimate acquaintance with M'Wilkin and his previous pursuits would be a strong recommendation in his favor to any possible assize, I thought it best to follow his instructions, and managed my challenges so well that I secured a majority of Hawickers. The jury being sworn in, the cause proceeded; and certainly, before three witnesses had been examined, it appeared to me beyond all manner of doubt, that, in the language of Tom Campbell, my unfortunate client was

"Doom'd the long coves of Sydney isle to see,"

as a permanent addition to that cultivated and Patagonian population. The grazier stood to his story like a man, and all efforts to break him down by cross-examination were fruitless. There was also another hawbuck who swore to the sheep, and was witness to the assault; so that, in fact, the evidence was legally complete.

Whilst I was occupied in the vain attempt to make Gubbins contradict himself, there had been a slight commotion in the court-room. On looking round afterwards, I was astonished to behold my friend Strachan seated in the magistrate's box, next to a very pretty and showily-dressed woman, to whom he was paying the most marked and deliberate attention. On the other side of her was an-

individual in a civic chain, whose fat, pursy, apoplectic appearance, and nose of the color of an Orleans plum, thoroughly realized my mental picture of the baillie. His small, blood-shot eyes twinkled with magisterial dignity and importance; and he looked beside Miss Percy—for I could not doubt that it was she—like a satyr in charge of Florimel.

The last witness for the crown, a very noted police officer from Glasgow, was then put into the box, to prove a previous conviction against my friend M'Wilkin. This man bore a high reputation in his calling, and was, indeed, esteemed as a sort of Scottish Vidocq, who knew by head-mark every filcher of a handkerchief between Caithness and the Border. He met the bold, broad stare of the prisoner with a kind of nod, as much as to assure him that his time was very nearly up; and then deliberately proceeded to take a hawk's-eye view of the assembly. I noticed a sort of quiet sneer as he glanced at the magistrate's box.

"Poor Strachan!" thought I. "His infatuation must indeed be palpable, since even a common officer can read his secret in a moment."

I might just as well have tried to shake Ailsa Craig as to make an impression upon this witness; however, heroically devoted to my trust, I hazarded the attempt, and ended by bringing out several additional tales of turpitude in the life and times of M'Wilkin.

"Make room there in the passage! The lady has fainted," cried the maicer.

I started to my feet, and was just in time to see Miss Percy conveyed from the court in an apparently inanimate state, by the baillie and the agitated Strachan.

"Devilish fine-looking woman that!" observed the advocate-depute across the table. "Where did your friend Mr. Strachan get hold of her!"

"I really don't know. I say—are you going to address the jury for the crown?"

"It is quite immaterial. The case is distinctly proved, and I presume you don't intend to speak?"

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Oh, well—in that case I suppose I must say a word or two. This closes the evidence for the crown, my lord," and the depute began to turn over his papers preparatory to a short harangue.

He had just commenced his speech, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder. I looked around; Strachan was behind me, pale and almost breathless with excitement.

"Fred—can I depend upon your friendship?"

"Of course you can. What's the row?"

"Have you ten pounds about you?"

"Yes—but what do you mean to do with them? Surely you are not going to make a blockhead of yourself by bolting?"

"No—no! give me the money—quick!"

"On your word of honor, Tom!"

"On my sacred word of honor!—That's a good fellow—thank you, Fred;" and Strachan pocketed the currency. "Now," said he, "I have just one other request to make."

"What's that?"

"Speak against time, there's a dear fellow! Spin out the case as long as you can, and don't let the jury retire for at least three quarters of an hour. I know you can do it better than any other man at the bar."

"Are you in earnest, Tom?"

"Most solemnly. My whole future happiness—nay, perhaps the life of a human being, depends upon it."

"In that case I think I shall tip them an hour."

"Heaven reward you, Fred! I never can forget your kindness!"

"But where shall I see you afterwards?"

"At the hotel. Now, my dear boy, be sure that you pitch it in, and, if possible, get the judge to charge after you. Time's all that's wanted—adieu!" and Tom disappeared in a twinkling.

I had little leisure to turn over the meaning of this interview in my mind, for the address of my learned opponent was very short and pithy. He merely pointed out the clear facts, as substantiated by evidence, and brought home to the unhappy M'Wilkin; and concluded by demanding a verdict on both charges contained in the indictment against the prisoner.

"Do you wish to say anything, sir?" said the judge to me, with a kind of tone which indicated his hope that I was going to say nothing. Doubtless his lordship thought that, as a very young counsel, I would take the hint; but he was considerably mistaken in his man. I came to the bar for practice—I went on the circuit with the solemn determination to speak in every case, however desperate; and it needed not the admonition of Strachan to make me carry my purpose into execution. What did I care about occupying the time of the court? His lordship was paid to listen, and could very well afford to hear the man who was pleading for M'Wilkin without a fee. I must say, however, that he looked somewhat disgusted when I rose.

A first appearance is a nervous thing, but there is nothing like going boldly at your subject. "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili,*" is a capital maxim in the judiciary court. The worse your case, the less chance you have to spoil it; and I never had a worse than M'Wilkin's.

I began by buttering the jury on their evident intelligence and the high functions they had to discharge, which of course were magnified to the skies. I then went slap-dash at the evidence; and, as I could say nothing in favor of my client, directed a tremendous battery of abuse and insinuation against his accuser.

"And who is this Gubbins, gentlemen, that you should believe this most incredible, most atrocious, and most clumsy apocrypha of his? I will tell you. He is an English butcher—a dealer in cattle and in bestial—one of those men who derive their whole subsistence from the profits realized by the sale of our native Scottish produce. This is the way in which our hills are depopulated, and our glens converted into solitudes. It is for him and his confederates—not for us—that our shepherds watch and toil, that our herds and flocks are reared, that the richness of the land is absorbed! And who speaks to the character of this Gubbins? You have heard the pointless remarks made by my learned friend upon the character of my unfortunate client; but he has not dared to adduce in this court one single witness in behalf of the character of his witness. Gentlemen, he durst not do it! Gubbins has deponed to you that he bought those sheep at the fair of Kelso, from a person of the name of Shiells, and that he paid the money for them. Where is the evidence of that? Where is Shiells to tell us whether he actually sold these sheep, or whether on the contrary they were not stolen from him? Has it been proved to you, gentlemen, that M'Wilkin is not a friend of Shiells—that he did not receive notice of the theft—that he did not pursue the robber, and, recognizing the stolen property by their mark, seize them for the benefit of their owner? No

such proof at least has been led upon the part of the crown, and in the absence of it, I ask you fearlessly, whether you can possibly violate your consciences by returning a verdict of guilty? Is it not possible—nay, is it not extremely probable, that Gubbins was the actual thief? Was it not his interest, far more than M'Wilkin's, to abstract those poor unhappy sheep, because it is avowedly his trade to fill the insatiable maw of the Southron? And in that case, who should be at the bar? Gubbins! Gubbins, I say, who this day has the unparalleled audacity to appear before an enlightened Scottish jury, and to give evidence which, in former times, might have led to the awful consequence of the execution of an innocent man! And this is what my learned friend calls evidence! Evidence to condemn a fellow-countryman, gentlemen! No—not to condemn a dog!"

Having thus summarily disposed of Gubbins, I turned my artillery against the attendant drover and the policeman. The first I indignantly denounced as either an accomplice or a tool; the second I smote more severely. Policemen are not popular in Hawick; and, knowing this, I contrived to blacken the Scottish Videog as a bloodhound.

But by far the finest flight of fancy in which I indulged was reserved for the peroration. I was not quite sure of the effect of my commentary on the evidence, and therefore thought it might be advisable to touch upon a national raw.

"And now, gentlemen," said I, "assuming for one moment that all my learned friend has said to you is true—that the sheep really belonged to this Gubbins, and were taken from him by M'Wilkin—let us calmly and deliberately consider how far such a proceeding can be construed into a crime. What has my unfortunate client done that he should be condemned by a jury of his countrymen? What he stands charged with is simply this—that he has prevented an Englishman from driving away the produce of our native hills. And is this a crime? It may be so, for aught I know, by statute; but sure I am, that in the intention, to which alone you must look, there lies a far deeper element of patriotism than of deliberate guilt. Think for one moment, gentlemen, of the annals of which we are so proud—of the ballads still chanted in the hall and in the hamlet—of the lonely graves and headstones that are scattered all along the surface of the southern muirs. Do not these annals tell us how the princes and the nobles of the land were wont to think it neither crime nor degradation to march with their retainers across the borders, and to harry with fire and sword the fields of Northumberland and Durham? Randolph and the Bruce have done it, and yet no one dares to attach the stigma of dishonor to their names. Do not our ballads tell how at Lammas-tide,

'The doughty Earl of Douglas rade
Into England to fetch a prey?'

And who shall venture to impeach the honor of the hero who fell upon the field of Otterbourne? Need I remind you of those who have died in their country's cause, and whose graves are still made the object of many a pious pilgrimage? Need I speak of Flodden, that woful place where the flowers of the forest were left lying in one ghastly heap around their king? Ah, gentlemen! have I touched you now? True, it was in the olden time that these things were done and celebrated; but remember this, that society may change its place, states and empires may rise and be consolidated, but patriotism

still lives enduring and undying as of yore! And who shall dare to say that patriotism was not the motive of M'Wilkin? Who shall presume to analyze or to blame the instinct which may have driven him to the deed? Call him not a felon—call him rather a poet; for over his kindling imagination fell the mighty shadow of the past. Old thoughts, old feelings, old impulses, were burning in his soul. He saw in Gubbins, not the grazier, but the lawless spoiler of his country; and he rose, as a borderer should, to vindicate the honor of his race. He may have been mistaken in what he did, but the motive, at least, was pure. Honor it then, gentlemen, for it is the same motive which is at all times the best safeguard of a nation's independence; and do honor likewise to yourselves by pronouncing a unanimous verdict of acquittal in favor of the prisoner at the bar!"

By the time I had finished this harangue, I was wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that I really considered M'Wilkin in the light of an extremely ill-used individual, and the tears stood in my eyes as I recapitulated the history of his wrongs. Several of the jury, too, began to get extremely excited, and looked as fierce as falcons when I reminded them of the field of Flodden. But my hopes were considerably damped when I heard the charge of his lordship. With all respect for the eminent senator who that day presided on the bench, I think he went rather too far when he designated my maiden-effort a rhapsody which could only be excused on account of the inexperience of the gentleman who uttered it. Passing from that unpleasant style of stricture, he went *seriatim* over all the crimes of M'Wilkin, and very distinctly indicated his opinion that no more consummate ruffian had seldom figured in the dock. When he concluded, however, there was a good deal of whispering in the jury-box, and at last the gentlemen of the assize requested permission to retire.

"That was a fine flare-up of yours, Freddy," said Anthony Whaup, the only other counsel for the prisoners upon the circuit. "You came it rather strong, though, in the national line. I don't think our venerable friend overhead half likes your ideas of international law."

"Why, yes—I confess he gave me a tolerable wigging. But what would you have me do? I must have said something."

"Oh, by Jove, you were perfectly right! I always make a point of speaking myself; and I can assure you that you did remarkably well. It was a novel view, but decidedly ingenious, and may lead to great results. If that fellow gets off, you may rely upon it there will be some bloodshed again upon the border."

"And a jolly calendar, of course, for next circuit. I say, Anthony—how many cases have you got?"

"Two thefts with habit and repute, a hame-sucken, rather a good forgery, and an assault with intent to commit."

"Long?"

"Rather—but poor pay. I have n't sacked more than nine guineas altogether. Gad!" continued Anthony, stretching himself, "this is slow work. I'd rather by a great deal be rowing on the canal."

"Hush! here come the jury."

They entered, took their seats, and each man in succession answered to his name. I stole a glance at M'Wilkin. He looked as leonine as ever, and kept winking perseveringly to the Hawickers.

"Now, gentlemen," said the clerk of court, "what is your verdict?"

The foreman rose.

"The jury, by a majority, find the charges against the prisoner NOT PROVEN."

"Hurrah!" shouted M'Wilkin, reckless of all authority. "Hurrah! I say—you counsellor in the wig—ye shanna want a sheep's head tha three years, if there's ane to be had on the border!"

And in this way I gained my first acquittal.

CHAPTER III.

I found Strachan in his room with his face buried in the bed-clothes. He was kicking his legs as though he suffered under a violent fit of the tooth-ache.

"I say, Tom, what's the matter? Look up, man! Do you know I've got that scoundrel off?"

No answer.

"Tom, I say! Tom, you dunderhead—what do you mean by making an ass of yourself this way? Get up, for shame, and answer me!"

Poor Strachan raised his head from the coverlet. His eyes were absolutely pink, and his cheeks of the tint of a lemon.

"O Fred, Fred!" said he with a series of interjectional gasps. "I am the most unfortunate wretch in the universe. All the hopes I had formerly cherished are blighted at once in the bud! She is gone, my friend—gone away from me, and, alas! I fear forever!"

"The deuce she has! and how?"

"Oh what madness tempted me to lead her to the court!—what infatuation it was to expose those angelic features to the risk of recognition! Who that ever saw those dove-like eyes could forget them?"

"I have no objection to the eyes—they were really very passable. But who twigg'd her?"

"An emissary of her father's—that odious miscreant who was giving evidence at the trial."

"The policeman? Whew! Tom!—I don't like that."

"He was formerly the land-steward of the viscount;—a callous, cruel wretch, who was more than suspected of having made away with his wife."

"And did he recognize her?"

"Dorothea says that she felt fascinated by the glitter of his cold gray eye. A shuddering sensation passed through her frame, just as the poor warbler of the woods quivers at the approach of the rattle-snake. A dark mist gathered before her sight, and she saw no more until she awoke to consciousness within my arms."

"Very pretty work, truly! And what then?"

"In great agitation, she told me that she durst tarry no longer here. She was certain that the officer would make it his business to track her, and communicate her hiding-place to her family; and she shook with horror when she thought of the odious Israelitish bridegroom. 'The caverns of the deep green sea—the high Tarpeian rock—the Leucadian cliff of Sappho'—she said, 'all would be preferable to that! And yet, O Thomas, to think that we should have met so suddenly, and that to part forever!' 'Pon my soul, Fred, I am the most miserable of created beings.'

"Why, what on earth has become of her?"

"Gone—and I don't know whither. She would not even apprise the bailie of her departure, lest she might leave some clue for discovery. She desired me to see him, to thank him, and to pay him for her—all of which I promised to do. With one kiss—one deep, burning, agonized kiss, which I shall carry with me to my grave—she tore herself away,

sprang into the postchaise, and in another moment was lost to me forever!"

"And my ten pounds?" said I, in a tone of considerable emotion.

"Would you have had me think twice," asked Strachan indignantly, "before I tendered my assistance to a forlorn angel in distress, even though she possessed no deeper claims on my sympathy? I thought, Frederick, you had more chivalry in your nature. You need not be uneasy about that trifle; —I shall be in funds some time about Christmas."

"Humph! I thought it was a P. P. transaction, but no matter. And is this all the clue you have got to the future residence of the lady?"

"No—she is to write me from the nearest post-town. You will see, Fred, when the letter arrives, how well worthy she is of my adoration."

I have found, by long experience, that it is no use remonstrating with a man who is head-over-ears in love. The tender passion affects us differently, according to our constitutions. One set of fellows, who are generally the pleasantest, seldom get beyond the length of flirtation. They are always at it, but constantly changing, and therefore manage to get through a tolerable catalogue of attachments before they are finally brought to book. Such men are quite able to take care of themselves, and require but little admonition. You no doubt hear them now and then abused for trifling with the affections of young women—as if the latter had themselves the slightest remorse in playing precisely the same game!—but in most cases such censure is undeserved, for they are quite as much in earnest as their neighbors, so long as the impulse lasts. The true explanation is, that they have survived their first passion, and that their faith is somewhat shaken in the boyish creed of the absolute perfectibility of woman. The great disappointment of life does not make them misanthropes—but it forces them to caution, and to a closer appreciation of character than is usually undertaken in the first instance. They have become, perhaps, more selfish—certainly more suspicious, and though often on the verge of a proposal, they never commit themselves without an extreme degree of deliberation.

Another set seem designed by nature to be the absolute victims of woman. Whenever they fall in love, they do it with an earnestness and an obstinacy which is actually appalling. The adored object of their affections can twine them round her finger, quarrel with them, cheat them, caricature them, or flirt with others, without the least risk of severing the triple cord of attachment. They become as tame as poodle-dogs, will submit patiently to any manner of cruelty or caprice, and in fact seem rather to be grateful for such treatment than otherwise. Clever women usually contrive to secure a captive of this kind. He is useful to them in a hundred ways, never interferes with their schemes, and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon him as a *pis aller*.

My friend Tom Strachan belonged decidedly to this latter section. Mary Rivers, a remarkably clever and very showy girl, but as arrant a flirt as ever wore rosebud in her bosom, had engrossed the whole of his heart before he reached the reflecting age of twenty, and kept him for nearly five years in a state of uncomplaining bondage. Not that I believe she ever cared about him. Tom was as poor as a church-mouse, and had nothing on earth to look to except the fruits of his professional industry, which, judging from all appearances, would be a long time indeed in ripening. Mary was not the

sort of person to put up with love in a cottage, even had Tom's circumstances been adequate to defray the rent of a tenement of that description: she had a vivid appreciation not only of the substantial, but of the higher luxuries of existence. But her vanity was flattered at having in her train at least one devoted dangler, whom she could play off, whenever opportunity required, against some more valuable admirer. Besides, Strachan was a man of family, tall, good-looking, and unquestionably clever in his way: he also danced the polka well, and was useful in the ball-room or the pic-nic. So Mary Rivers kept him on in a kind of blissful dream, just sunning him sufficiently with her smiles to make him believe that he was beloved, but never allowing matters to go so far as to lead to the report that they were engaged. Tom asked for nothing more. He was quite contented to indulge for years in a dream of future bliss, and wrote during the interval a great many more sonnets than summonses. Unfortunately sonnets don't pay well, so that his worldly affairs did not progress at any remarkable ratio. And he only awoke to a sense of his real situation when Miss Rivers, having picked a quarrel with him one day in the Zoological Gardens, announced on the next to her friends that she had accepted the hand of a bilious East India merchant.

Tom made an awful row about it—grew as attenuated and brown as an eel—and garnished his conversation with several significant hints about suicide. He was, however, saved from that ghastly alternative by being drafted into a rowing club, who plied their gondolas daily on the Union canal. Hard exercise, beer, and pulling had their usual sanatory effect, and Tom gradually recovered his health, if not his spirits.

It was at this very crisis that he fell in with this mysterious Miss Percy. There was an immense hole in his affections which required to be filled up; and, as nature abhors a vacuum, he plugged it with the image of Dorothea. The flight, therefore, of the fair levanner, after so brief an intercourse, was quite enough to upset him. He was in the situation of a man who is informed over-night that he has succeeded to a large fortune, and who gets a letter next morning explaining that it is a mere mistake. I was therefore not at all astonished either at his paroxysms or his credulity.

We had rather a dreary dinner that day. The judges always entertain the first day of circuit, and it is considered matter of etiquette that the counsel should attend. Sometimes these forensic feuds are pleasant enough; but on the present occasion there was a visible damp thrown over the spirits of the party. His lordship was evidently savage at the unforeseen escape of M'Wilkin, and looked upon me, as I thought, with somewhat of a prejudiced eye. Baillie Beerie and the other magistrates seemed uneasy at their unusual proximity to a personage who had the power of death and transportation, and therefore abstained from emitting the accustomed torrent of civic facetiousness. One of the sheriffs wanted to be off on a cruise, and another was unwell with the gout. The depute advocate was fagged; Whaup surly as a bear with a sore ear, on account of the tenuity of his fees; and Strachan, of course, in an extremely unconversational mood. So I had nothing for it but to eat and drink as plentifully as I could, and very thankful I was that the claret was tolerably sound.

We rose from table early. As I did not like to leave Tom to himself in his present state of mind, we adjourned to his room for the purpose of enjoy-

ing a cigar ; and there, sure enough, upon the table lay the expected missive. Strachan dashed at it like a pike pouncing upon a parr ; I lay down upon the sofa, lit my weed, and amused myself by watching his physiognomy.

" Dear suffering angel ! " said Tom at last, with a sort of whimper. " Destiny has done its worst ! We have parted, and the first fond dream of our love has vanished before the cold and dreary dawn of reality ! O my friend—we were like the two birds in the oriental fable, each doomed to traverse the world before we could encounter our mate—we met, and almost in the same hour the thunderbolt burst above us ! "

" Yes—two very nice birds," said I. " But what does she say in the letter ? "

" You may read it," replied Tom, and he handed me the epistle. It was rather a superior specimen of penmanship, and I don't choose to criticise the style. Its tenor was as follows :—

" I am hardly yet, my dear friend, capable of estimating the true extent of my emotions. Like the buoyant seaweed torn from its native bed among the submarine forest of the corals, I have been tossed from wave to wave, hurried onwards by a stream more resistless than that which sweeps through the Gulf of Labrador, and far—far away as yet is the wished-for haven of my rest. Hitherto my life has been a tissue of calamity and woe. Over my head since childhood has stretched a dull and dreary canopy of clouds, shutting me out forever from a glimpse of the blessed sun. Once, and but once only, have I seen a chasm in that envious veil—only once and for a few, a very few moments, have I gazed upon the blue empyrean, and felt my heart expand and thrill to the glories of its liquid lustre. That once—oh, Mr. Strachan, can I ever forget it!—that once comprises the era of the few hours which were the silent witnesses of our meeting !

" Am I weak in writing to you thus? Perhaps I am ; but then, Thomas, I have never been taught to dissemble. Did I, however, think it probable that we should ever meet again—that I should hear from your lips a repetition of that language which now is chronicled in my soul—it may be that I would not have dared to risk an avowal so candid and so dear ! As it is, it matters not. You have been my benefactor, my kind consoler—my friend. You have told me that you love ; and in the fulness and native simplicity of my heart, I believed you. And if it be any satisfaction to you to know that your sentiments have been at least appreciated, believe that of all the pangs which the poor Dorothea has suffered, this last agony of parting has been incomparably the most severe.

" You asked me if there was no hope. Oh, my Thomas! what would I not give could I venture to answer yes? But it cannot be ! You are young and happy, and will yet be fortunate and beloved ; why, then, should I permit so fair an existence to be blighted by the upas-tree of destiny under which I am doomed to languish ? You shall not say that I am selfish—you shall not hereafter reproach me for having permitted you to share a burden too great for both of us to carry. You must learn the one great lesson of existence, to submit and to forget !

" I am going far away, to the margin of that inhospitable shore which receives upon its rocks the billows of the unbroken Atlantic—or haply, amongst the remoter isles, I shall listen to the seamew's cry. Do not weep for me. Amidst the myriad of bright and glowing things which flutter over the surface

of this green creation, let one feeble, choking, overburdened heart be forgotten ! Follow me not—seek me not—for, like the mermaid on the approach of the mariner, I should shrink from the face of man into the glassy caverns of the deep.

" Adieu, Thomas, adieu ! Say what you will for me to the noble and generous Beerie. Would to Heaven that I could send him some token in return for all his kindness ; but a good and gallant heart is its own most adequate reward.

" They are putting to the horses—I can hear the rumble of the chariot ! Oh, once more, dear friend—alas, too inexpressibly dear !—take my last farewell. Adieu—my heart is breaking as I write the bitter word !—forget me. DOROTHEA."

" Do you wonder at my sorrow now ? " said Strachan, as I laid down the passionate epistle.

" Why, no. It is well got up upon the whole, and does credit to the lady's erudition. But I don't see why she should insist so strongly upon eternal separation. Have you no idea whereabouts that aunt of hers may happen to reside ? "

" Not the slightest."

" Because, judging from her letter, it must be somewhere about Benbecula or Tiree. I should n't even wonder if she had a summer box on St. Kilda."

" Right ! I did not think of that—you observe she speaks of the remoter isles."

" To be sure, and for half a century there has not been mermaid seen to the east of the Lewis. Now, take my advice, Tom—don't make a fool of yourself in the mean time, but wait until the court of session rises in July. That will allow plenty of time for matters to settle ; and if the old viscount and that abominable Abiram don't find her out before then, you may depend upon it they will abandon the search. In the interim, the lady will have cooled. Walks upon the sea-shore are uncommonly dull without something like reciprocal sentimentality. The odds are, that the old aunt is addicted to snuff, tracts, and the distribution of flannel, and before August, the fair Dorothea will be yearning for a sight of her admirer. You can easily gammon Anthony Whaup into a loan of that yacht of his which he makes such a boast of ; and if you go prudently about it, and flatter him on the score of his steering, I have n't the least doubt that he will victual his hooker and give you a cruise in it for nothing."

" Admirable, my dear Fred ! We shall touch at all the isles from Iona to Uist ; and if Miss Percy be indeed there—"

" You can carry her off on five minutes' notice, and our long friend will be abundantly delighted. Only, mind this ! If you want my candid opinion on the wisdom of such an alliance, I should strongly recommend you to meddle no further in the matter, for I have my doubts about the honorable Dorothea, and—"

" Bah, Fred ! Doubts after such a letter as that ! Impossible ! No, my dear friend—your scheme is admirable—unexceptionable, and I shall certainly act upon it. But oh—it is a weary time till July ! "

" Merely a short interval of green peas and strawberries. I advise you, however, to fix down Whaup as early as you can for the cruise."

The hint was rapidly taken. We sent for our facetious friend, ordered supper, and in the course of a couple of tumblers, persuaded him that his knowledge of nautical affairs was not exceeded by that of T. P. Cooke, and that he was much deeper versed in the mysteries of sky-scraping than Fen-

more Cooper. Whaup gave in. By dint of a little extra persuasion, I believe we might have coaxed him into a voyage for Otaheite; and before we parted for the evening it was agreed that Strachan should hold himself in readiness to start for the Western Islands about the latter end of July—Whaup being responsible for the provisions and champagne, whilst Tom pledged himself to cigars.

CHAPTER IV.

I never ascertained the exact amount of the sum which Tom handed over to the bailie. It must, however, have been considerable, for he took to retrenching his expenditure, and never once dropped a hint about the ten pounds which I was so singularly verdant as to lend him. The summer session stole away as quickly as its predecessors, though not, in so far as I was concerned, quite as unprofitably, for I got a couple of sheriff-court papers to draw in consequence of my M'Wilkin appearance. Tom, however, was very low about himself, and affected solitude. He would not join in any of the strawberry lunches or fish dinners so attractive to the junior members of the bar; but frequented the Botanical Gardens, where he might be seen any fine afternoon, stretched upon the bank beside the pond, concocting sonnets, or inscribing the name of Dorothea upon the monument dedicated to Linnaeus.

Time, however, stole on. The last man who was going to be married got his valedictory dinner at the close of session. Gowns were thrown off, wigs boxed up, and we all dispersed to the country wheresoever our inclinations might lead us. I resolved to devote the earlier part of the vacation to the discovery of the town of Clackmannan—a place of which I had often heard, but which no human being whom I ever encountered had seen. Whaup was not oblivious of his promise, and Strachan clove unto him like a limpet.

We did not meet again until September was well-nigh over. In common with Strachan I had adopted the resolution of changing my circuit, and henceforth adhering to Glasgow, which, from its superior supply of criminals, is the favorite resort of our young forensic aspirants. So I packed my portmanteau, invoked the assistance of Saint Rollox, and started for the balmy west.

The first man I met in George's Square was my own delightful Thomas. He looked rather thin; was fearfully sun-burned; had on a pair of canvass trousers most woefully bespattered with tar, and evidently had not shaved for a fortnight.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow!" cried I, "can this possibly be you? What the deuce have you been doing with yourself! You look as hairy as Robinson Crusoe."

"You should see Whaup—he's rather worse off than Friday. We have just landed at the Broomielaw, but I was obliged to leave Anthony in a tavern for fear we should be mobbed in the street. I'm off by the rail to Edinburgh, to get some decent toggery for us both. Lend me a pound-note, will you?"

"Certainly—that's eleven, you recollect. But what's the meaning of all this? Where is the yacht?"

"Safe—under twenty fathoms of dark blue water, at a place they call the Sneeshnish islands. Catch me going out again, with Anthony as steersman!"

"No doubt he is an odd sort of Palinurus. But when did this happen?"

"Ten days ago. We were three days and nights

upon the rock, with nothing to eat except two biscuits, raw mussels, and tangle!"

"Mercy on us! and how did you get off?"

"In a kelp-boat from Harris. But I have n't time for explanation just now. Go down, like a good fellow, to the Broomielaw, No. 431—you will find Anthony enjoying himself with beef-steaks and bottled stout, in the back parlor of the Cat and Bagpipes. I must refer you to him for the details."

"One word more—you'll be back to the circuit?"

"Decidedly. To-morrow morning: as soon as I can get my things together."

"And the lady—what news of her?"

The countenance of Strachan fell.

"Ah, my dear friend! I wish you had not touched upon that string—you have set my whole frame a jarring. No trace of her—none—none! I fear I shall never see her more!"

"Come! don't be down-hearted. One never can tell what may happen. Perhaps you may meet her sooner than you think."

"You are a kind-hearted fellow, Fred. But I've lost all hope. Nothing but a dreary existence is now before me, and—but, by Jupiter, there goes the starting bell!"

Tom vanished, like Aubrey's apparition, with a melodious twang, and a perceptible odor of tar; and so, being determined to expiate the matter, I proceeded towards the Broomielaw, and in due time became master of the locality of the Cat and Bagpipes.

"Is there a Mr. Whaup here?" I inquired of Mrs. M'Tavish, the landlady, who was filling a gill-stoup at the bar.

"Here you are, old chap!" cried the hilarious voice of Anthony from an inner apartment. "Turn to the right, steer clear of the scrubbing-brushes, and help yourself to a mouthful of Guinness."

I obeyed. Heavens, what a figure he was! His trowsers were rent both at the knees and elsewhere, and were kept together solely by means of whip-cord. His shirt had evidently not benefitted by the removal of the excise duties upon soap, and was screened from the scrutiny of the beholder by an extempore paletot, fabricated out of sail-cloth, without the remotest apology for sleeves.

Anthony, however, looked well in health, and appeared to be in tremendous spirits.

"Tip us your fin, my old coxs'un!" said he, winking at me over the rim of an enormous pewter vessel which effectually eclipsed the lower segment of his visage. "Blessed if I ain't as glad to see you as one of Mother Carey's chickens in a squall."

"Come, Anthony! leave off your nautical nonsense, and talk like a man of the world. What on earth have you and Tom Strachan been after?"

"Nothing on earth, but a good deal on sea, and a trifle on as uncomfortable a section of basalt as ever served two unhappy bucaniers for bed, table, and sofa. The chilliness is not off me yet."

"But how did it happen?"

"Very simply: but I'll tell you all about it. It's a long story, though, so if you please I shall top off with something hot. I'm glad you've come, however, for I had some doubts how far this sort of original Petersham would inspire confidence as to my credit in the bosom of the fair M'Tavish. It's all right now, however, so here goes for my yarn."

But I shall not follow my friend through all the windings of his discourse, varied though it certainly was, like the adventures of the venerated Sinbad.

Suffice it to say, that they were hardly out of sight of the Cumbraes before Tom confided the whole tale of his sorrows to the callous Anthony, who, as he expressed it, had come out for a lark, and had no idea of rummaging the whole of the west coast and the adjacent islands for a petticoat. Moved, however, by the pathetic entreaties of Strachan, and, perhaps, somewhat reconciled to the quest by the dim vision of an elopement, Anthony magnanimously waived his objections, and the two kept cruising together, in a little shell of a yacht, all round the Western Archipelago. Besides themselves there were only a man and a boy on board.

"It was slow work," said Anthony, "deucedly slow. I would not have minded the thing so much if Strachan had been reasonably sociable; but it was rather irksome, you will allow, when, after the boy had brought in the kettle, and we had made everything snug for the night, Master Strachan began to maundur about the lady's eyes, and to tear his hair, and to call himself the most miserable dog in existence. I had serious thoughts, at one time, of leaving him ashore on Mull or Skye, and making off direct to the Orkneys; but good-nature was always my foible, so I went on, beating from one place to another, as though we had been looking for the wreck of the Florida."

"I'll never take another cruise with a lover so long as I live. Tom led me all manner of dances, and we were twice fired at from farm-houses where he was caterwauling beneath the windows with a guitar. It seems he had heard that flame of his sing a Spanish air at Jedburgh. Tom must needs pick it up, and you have no idea how he pestered me. Go where we would, he kept harping on that abominable ditty, in the hopes that his mistress might hear him; and, when I remonstrated on the absurdity of the proceeding, he quoted the case of Blondel, and some trash out of Uhland's ballads. Serenading on the west coast is by no means a pleasant pastime. The nights are as raw as an anchoovy, and the midges particularly plentiful."

"Well, sir, we could find no trace of the lady after all. Strachan got into low spirits, and I confess that I was sometimes sulky—so we had an occasional blow up, which by no means added to the conviviality of the voyage. One evening, just at sun-down, we entered the Sound of Snaeishan—an ugly place, let me tell you, at the best, but especially to be avoided in anything like a gale of wind. The clouds in the horizon looked particularly threatening, and I got a little anxious, for I knew that there were some rocks about, and not a light-house in the whole of the district.

"In an hour or two it grew as dark as a wolf's throat. I could not for the life of me make out where we were, for the sound is very narrow in some parts, and occasionally I thought that I could hear breakers ahead.

"'Tom,' said I, 'Tom, you lubber!'—for our esteemed friend was, as usual, lying on the deck, with a cigar in his mouth, twangling at that eternal guitar—'take hold of the helm, will you, for a minute, while I go down and look at the chart.'

"I was as cold as a cucumber; so, after having ascertained, as I best could, the bearings about the sound, I rather think I did stop below for one moment—but not longer—just to mix a glass of swizzle by way of fortification, for I did n't expect to get to bed that night. All of a sudden I heard a shout from the bows, bolted upon deck, and there, sure enough, was a black object right ahead, with the surf shooting over it.

"'Luff, Tom! or we are all dead men;—luff, I say!' shouted I. I might as well have called to a mill-stone. Tom was in a kind of trance.

"'O Dorothea!' said our friend.

"'To the devil with Dorothea!' roared I, snatching the tiller from his hand.

"It was too late. We went smash upon the rock, with a force that sent us headlong upon the deck, and Strachan staggered to his feet, bleeding profusely at the proboscis.

"Down came the sail rattling about our ears, and over lurched the yacht. I saw there was no time to lose, so I leaped at once upon the rock, and called upon the rest to follow me. They did so, and were lucky to escape with no more disaster than a ruffling of the cuticle on the basalt; for in two minutes more all was over. Some of the timbers had been staved in at the first concussion. She rapidly filled—and down went, before my eyes, the Captain, the tidiest little craft that ever pitched her broadside into the hull of a Frenchman!"

"Very well told indeed," said I, "only, Anthony, it does strike me that the last paragraph is not quite original. I've heard something like it in my younger days, at the Adelphi. But what became of you afterwards?"

"Faith, we were in a fix, as you may easily conceive. All we could do was to scramble up the rocks—which, fortunately, were not too precipitous—until we reached a dry place, where we lay, huddled together, until morning. When light came, we found that we were not on the main land, but on a kind of little stack in the very centre of the channel, without a blade of grass upon it, or the prospect of a sail in sight. This was a nice situation for two members of the Scottish bar! The first thing we did was to inquire into the state of provisions, which we found to consist of a couple of biscuits, that little Jim, the boy, happened to have about him. Of course we followed the example of the earlier navigators, and confiscated these *pro bono publico*. We had not a drop of alcohol among us, but, very luckily, picked up a small keg of fresh water, which, I believe, was our salvation. Strachan did not behave well. He wanted to keep half-a-dozen cigars to himself; but such monstrous selfishness could not be permitted, and the rest of us took them from him by force. I shall always blame myself for having weakly restored to him a cheroot."

"And what followed?"

"Why, we remained three days upon the rock. Fortunately the weather was moderate, so that we were not absolutely washed away, but for all that it was consumedly cold of nights. The worst thing, however, was the deplorable state of our larder. We finished the biscuits the first day, trusting to be speedily relieved; but the sun set without a vestige of a sail, and we supped sparingly upon tangle. Next morning we were so ravenous that we could have eaten raw squirrels. That day we subsisted entirely upon shell-fish, and smoked out all our cigars. On the third we bolted two old gloves, buttons and all; and, do you know, Fred, I began to be seriously alarmed about the boy Jim, for Strachan kept eying him like an ogre, began to mutter some horrid suggestions as to the propriety of casting lots, and execrated his own stupidity in being unprovided with a jar of pickles."

"O Anthony—for shame!"

"Well—I'm sure he was thinking about it, if he did not say so. However, we lunched upon a shoe, and for my own part, whenever I go upon another

voyage, I shall take the precaution of providing myself with pliable French boots—your Kilmarnock leather is so very intolerably tough! Towards evening, to our infinite joy, we despaired a boat entering the sound. We shouted, as you may be sure, like demons. The Celtic Samaritans came up, and, thanks to the kindness of Rory M'Gregor the master, we each of us went to sleep that night with at least two gallons of oatmeal porridge comfortably stowed beneath our belts. And that's the whole history."

"And how do you feel after such unexampled privation?"

"Not a hair the worse. But this I know, that if ever I am caught again on such idiotical errand as hunting for a young woman through the Highlands, my nearest of kin are at perfect liberty to have me cognosced without opposition."

"Ah—you are no lover, Anthony. Strachan, now, would go barefooted through Stony Arabia for the mere chance of a casual glimpse at his mistress."

"All I can say, my dear fellow, is, that if nuptial happiness cannot be purchased without a month's twanging on a guitar and three consecutive suppers upon sea-weed, I know at least one respectable young barrister who is likely to die unmarried. But I say, Fred, let us have a coach and drive up to your hotel. You can lend me a coat, I suppose, or something of the sort, until Strachan arrives; and just be good enough, will you, to settle with Mrs. M'Tavish for the bill, for, by all my hopes of a sheriffship, I have been thoroughly purged of my tin."

The matter may not be of any especial interest to the public; at the same time I think it right to record the fact that Anthony Whaup owes me seven shillings and eightpence unto this day.

CHAPTER V.

"That is all I can tell you about it," said Mr. Hedger, as he handed me the last of three indictments, with the joyful accompaniment of the fees.

"That is all I can tell you about it. If the *abibi* will hold water, good and well—if not, M'Closkie will be transported."

Hedger is the very best criminal agent I ever met with. There is always a point in his cases—his preconceptions are perfect, and pleading, under such auspices, becomes a kind of realized romance.

"By the way," said he, "is there a Mr. Strachan of your bar at circuit? I have a curious communication from a prisoner who is desirous to have him as her counsel."

"Indeed! I am glad to hear it. Mr. Strachan is a particular friend of mine, and will be here immediately. I shall be glad to introduce you. Is it a heavy case?"

"No, but rather an odd one—a theft of money committed at the Blenheim hotel. The woman seems a person of education, but, as she obstinately refuses to tell me her story, I know very little more about it than is contained in the face of the indictment."

"What is her name?"

"Why, you know that is a matter not very easily ascertained. She called herself Euphemis Saville when brought up for examination, and of course she will be tried as such. She is well dressed, and rather pretty, but she won't have any other counsel than Mr. Strachan; and singularly enough, she has

positively forbidden me to send him a fee on the ground that he would take it as an insult."

"I should feel particularly obliged if the whole public would take to insulting me perpetually in that manner! But really this is an odd history. Do you think she is acquainted with my friend?"

Hedger winked.

"I can't say," said he, "for, to tell you the truth, I know nothing earthly about it. Only she was so extremely desirous to have him engaged, that I thought it not a little remarkable. I hope your friend won't take offence if I mention what the woman said."

"Not in the least, you may be sure of that. And, *apropos*, here he comes."

And in effect Whaup and Strachan now walked into the counsel's apartment, demure, shaven, and well dressed—altogether two very different looking individuals from the tatterdemalions of yesterday.

"Good morning, Fred," cried Whaup; "Servant, Mr. Hedger—lots of work going, eh? Are the pleas nearly over yet?"

"Very nearly, I believe, Mr. Whaup. Would you have the kindness to—"

"Oh, certainly," said I. "Strachan, allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Hedger, who is desirous of your professional advice."

"I say, Freddy," said Whaup, looking sulkily at the twain as they retired to a window to consult, "what's in the wind now? Has old Hedger got a spite at any of his clients?"

"How should I know? What do you mean?"

"Because I should rather think," said Anthony, "that in our friend Strachan's hands the lad runs a remarkably good chance of a sea voyage to the colonies, that's all!"

"Fie for shame, Anthony! You should not bear malice."

"No more I do—but I can't forget the loss of the little Captain all through his stupid blundering; and this morning he must needs sleep so long that he lost the early train, and has very likely cut me out of business for the sheer want of a pair of reputable trousers."

"Never mind—there is a good time coming."

"Which means, I suppose, that you have got the pick of the cases. Very well: it can't be helped, so I shall even show myself in court by way of public advertisement."

So saying, my long friend wrestled himself into his gown, adjusted his wig knowingly upon his cranium, and rushed toward the court-room as vehemently as though the weal of the whole criminal population of the west depended upon his individual exertions.

"Freddy, come here, if you please," said Strachan; "this is a very extraordinary circumstance! Do you know that this woman, Euphemis Saville, though she wishes me to act as her counsel, has positively refused to see me!"

"Very odd, certainly. Do you know her?"

"I never heard of the name in my life. Are you sure, Mr. Hedger, that there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure, sir. She gave me, in fact, a minute description of your person, which perhaps I may be excused from repeating."

"Oh, I understand," said Tom, fishingly; "complimentary, I suppose—eh?"

"Why yes, rather so," replied Hedger hesitatingly; and he cast at the same time a glance at the limbs of my beloved friend, which convinced me that Miss Saville's communication had, somehow or other, borne reference to the shape of a parent-

thesis. "But, at all events, you may be sure she has seen you. I really can imagine no reason for an interview. We often have people who take the same kind of whims, and you have no idea of their obstinacy. The best way will be to let the crown lead its evidence, and trust entirely to cross-examination. I shall take care, at all events, that her appearance shall not damage her. She is well dressed, and I don't doubt will make use of her cambric handkerchief."

"And a very useful thing that same cambric is," observed I. "Come, Tom, my boy, pluck up courage! You have opportunity now for a grand display; and if you can poke in something about chivalry and undefended loveliness, you may be sure it will have an effect on the jury. There is a strong spice of romance in the composition of the men of the Middle Ward."

"The whole thing, however, seems to me most mysterious."

"Very; but that is surely an additional charm. We seldom find a chapter from the *Mysteries of Udolfo* transferred to the records of the Justiciary Court of Scotland."

"Well, then, I suppose it must be so. Fred, will you sit beside me at the trial? I'm not used to this sort of thing as yet, and I possibly may feel nervous."

"Not a bit of you. At any rate I shall be there, and of course you may command me."

In due time the cause was called. Miss Euphemia Saville ascended the trap stair, and took her seat between a pair of policemen with exceedingly luxuriant whiskers.

I must allow that I felt a strong curiosity about Euphemia. Her name was peculiar; the circumstances under which she came forward were unusual; and her predilection for Strachan was tantalizing. Her appearance, however, did little to solve the mystery. She was neatly, even elegantly dressed in black, with a close-fitting bonnet and thick veil, which at first effectually obscured her countenance. This, indeed, she partially removed when called upon to plead to the indictment; but the law of no civilized country that I know of is so savage as to prohibit the use of a handkerchief, and the fair Saville availed herself of the privilege by burying her countenance in cambric. I could only get a glimpse of some beautiful black braided hair and a forehead that resembled alabaster. To all appearance she was extremely agitated, and sobbed as she answered to the charge.

The tender-hearted Strachan was not the sort of man to behold the sorrows of his client without emotion. In behalf of the junior members of the Scottish bar I will say this, that they invariably fight tooth and nail when a pretty girl is concerned, and I have frequently heard bursts of impassioned eloquence poured forth in defence of a pair of bright eyes or a piquant figure, in cases where an elderly or wizened dame would have run a strong chance of finding no Cicerone by her side. Tom accordingly approached the bar for the purpose of putting some questions to his client, but not a word could he extract in reply. Euphemia drew down her veil, and waved her hand with a repulsive gesture.

"I don't know what to make of her," said Strachan; "only she seems to be a monstrous fine woman. It is clear, however, that she has mistaken me for somebody else. I never saw her in my life before."

"Hedger deserves great credit for the way he has got her up. Observe, Tom, there is no finery

about her; no ribbons or gaudy scarfs, which are as unsuitable at a trial as at a funeral. Black is your only wear to find favor in the eyes of a jury."

"True. It is a pity that so little attention is paid to the aesthetics of criminal clothing. But here comes the first witness—Grobey I think they call him—the fellow who lost the money."

Mr. Grobey mounted the witness-box like a cow ascending a staircase. He was a huge, elephantine animal of some sixteen stone with bushy eyebrows and a bald pate, which he ever and anon affectionately caressed with a red and yellow bandanna. Strachan started at the sound of his voice, surveyed him wistfully for a moment and then said to me in a hurried whisper—

"As I live, Fred, that is the identical bagman who boned my emerald studs at Jedburgh!"

"You don't mean to say it?"

"Fact, upon my honor! There is no mistaking his globular freetrading nose. Would it not be possible to object to his evidence on that ground?"

"Mercy on us! no.—Reflect—there is no conviction."

"True. But he stole them nevertheless. I'll ask him about them when I cross."

Mr. Grobey's narrative, however, as embraced in an animated dialogue with the public prosecutor, threw some new and unexpected light upon the matter. Grobey was a traveller in the employment of the noted house of Barnacles, Deadeye and Company, and perambulated the country for the benevolent purpose of administering to deficiency of vision. In the course of his wanderings he had arrived at the Blenheim, where, after a light supper of fresh herrings, toasted cheese, and Edinburgh ale, assisted, *more Bagmannorum*, by several glasses of stiff brandy and water, he had retired to his apartment to sleep off the labors of the day. Somnus, however, did not descend that night with his usual lightness upon Grobey. On the contrary, the deity seemed changed into a ponderous weight, which lay heavily upon the chest of the moaning and suffocated traveller; and notwithstanding a paralysis which appeared to have seized upon his limbs, every external object in the apartment became visible to him as by the light of a magic lantern. He heard his watch ticking, like a living creature, upon the dressing-table where he had left it. His black morocco pocket-book was distinctly visible beside the looking-glass, and two spectral boots stood up amidst the varied shadows of the night. Grobey was very uncomfortable. He began to entertain the horrid idea that a fiend was hovering through his chamber.

All at once he heard the door creaking upon its hinges. There was a slight rustling of muslin, a low sigh, and then momentary silence. "What, in the name of John Bright, can that be?" thought the terrified traveller; but he had not to wait long for explanation. The door opened slowly—a female figure, arrayed from head to foot in robes of virgin whiteness, glided in, and fixed her eyes with an expression of deep solemnity and menace, upon the countenance of Grobey. He lay breathless and motionless beneath the spell. This might have lasted for about a minute, during which time, as Grobey expressed it, his very entrails were convulsed with fear. The apparition then moved onwards, still keeping her eyes upon the couch. She stood for a moment near the window raised her arm with a monitory gesture to the sky, and then all at once seemed to disappear as if absorbed in the watery moonshine. Grobey was as bold a bagman as ever

fanned a mare with his gig-whip, but this awful visitation was too much. Boots, looking-glass, and table swam with a distracted whirl before his eyes; he uttered a feeble yell, and immediately lapsed into a swoon.

It was bright morning when he awoke. He started up, rubbed his eyes, and endeavored to persuade himself that it was an illusion. To be sure there were the boots untouched, the coat, the hat, and the portmanteau; but where—oh where—were the watch and the plethoric pocket-book, with its bunch of bank-notes and other minor memoranda? Gone—spirited away; and with a shout of despair old Grobey summoned the household.

The police were straightway taken into his confidence. The tale of the midnight apparition—of the Demon Lady—was told and listened to, at first with somewhat of an incredulous smile; but when the landlady stated that an unknown damsel had been sojourning for two days at the hotel, that she had that morning vanished in a hackney-coach without leaving any trace of her address, and that, moreover, certain spoons of undeniable silver were missing, Argus pricked up his ears, and after some few preliminary inquiries, issued forth in quest of the fugitive. Two days afterwards the fair Saville was discovered in a temperance hotel; and although the pocket-book had disappeared, both the recognizable notes and the watch were found in her possession. A number of pawn-tickets, also, which were contained in her reticule, served to collect from divers quarters a great mass of *bijouterie*, amongst which were the Blenheim spoons.

Such was Mr. Grobey's evidence as afterwards supplemented by the police. Tom rose to cross-examine.

"Pray, Mr. Grobey," said he, adjusting his gown upon his shoulders with a very knowing and determined air, as though he intended to expose his victim—"Pray, Mr. Grobey, are you any judge of studs?"

"I ain't a racing man," replied Grobey, "but I knows an oss when I sees it."

"Don't equivocate, sir, if you please. Recollect you are upon your oath," said Strachan, irritated by a slight titter which followed upon Grobey's answer. "I mean studs, sir—emerald studs for example!"

"I ain't. But the lady is," replied Grobey.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Cos there vos five pair on them taken out of pawn with her tickets."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"Cos I seed them."

"Were you at Jedburgh, sir, in the month of April last?"

"I was."

"Do you recollect seeing me there?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you remember what passed upon that occasion?"

"You was rather confuscated, I think."

There was a general laugh.

"Mr. Strachan," said the judge mildly, "I am always sorry to interrupt a young counsel, but I really cannot see the relevancy of these questions. The court can have nothing to do with your communications with the witness. I presume I need not take a note of these latter answers."

"Very well, my lord," said Tom, rather discomfited at being cut out of his revenge on the bagman, "I shall ask him something else;" and he commenced his examination in right earnest. Grobey, however, stood steadfast to the letter of his previous testimony.

Another witness was called; and to my surprise the Scottish Vidocq appeared. He spoke to the apprehension and the search, and also to the character of the prisoner. In his eyes she had long been chronicled as habit and repute a thief.

"You know the prisoner then?" said Strachan rising.

"I do. Any time these three years."

"Under what name is she known to you?"

"Betsy Brown is her real name, but she has gone by twenty others."

"By twenty, do you say?"

"There or thereabouts. She always flies at high game; and, being a remarkable clever woman, she passes herself off for a lady."

"Have you ever seen her elsewhere than in Glasgow?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"At Jedburgh."

I cannot tell what impulse it was that made me twitch Strachan's gown at this moment. It was not altogether a suspicion, but rather a presentiment of coming danger. Strachan took the hint and changed his line.

"Can you specify any of her other names?"

"I can. There are half-a-dozen of them here on the pawn-tickets. Shall I read them?"

"If you please."

"One diamond ring, pledged in name of Lady Emily Delaroche. A garnet brooch and chain—Miss Maria Mortimer. Three gold seals—Mrs. Markham Vere. A watch and three emerald studs—the Honorable Dorothea Percy—"

There was a loud shriek from the bar, and a bustle—the prisoner had fainted.

I looked at Strachan. He was absolutely as white as a corpse.

"My dear Tom," said I, "had n't you better go out into the open air?"

"No!" was the firm reply; "I am here to do my duty, and I'll do it."

And in effect the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing into his side, did not acquit himself more heroically than my friend. The case was a clear one, no doubt, but Tom made a noble speech, and was highly complimented by the judge upon his ability. No sooner, however, had he finished it than he left the court.

I saw him two hours afterwards.

"Tom," said I, "about these emerald studs—I think I could get them back from the Fiscal."

"Keep them to yourself. I'm off to India."

"Bah!—go down to the Highlands for a month."

Tom did so; purveyed himself a kilt; met an heiress at the Inverness Meeting, and married her. He is now the happy father of half-a-dozen children, and a good many of us would give a trifle for his practice. But to this day he is as mad as a March hare if an allusion is made in his presence to any kind of studs whatsoever.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR Reader, it is long since we have formally addressed you. We might, as the usual custom in such case is, fill half our letter with false excuses, such as the heat of the weather, or that we had been on a trip to Mexico, or to Palestine. But we will simply state that sometime ago, soon after the earthquake, we felt a slight motion of our office, (which is the upper part of a large and strong brick building,) when we discovered that the house, with stone foundations, cellar and all, had been taken up in the air, through which we were carried in a southerly direction, so steadily that we could scarcely feel the motion. All the volumes and numbers of the *Living Age*, which have accumulated through ages past, remained undisturbed on their shelves, and after we had recovered from the first alarm we continued to read as usual. Here was something which brought old times back to our recollection. We used to read the "Arabian Nights" for amusement, little thinking that our own experience was to prove the truth of the wonderful stories of houses being carried away by Genii. Well, at length we were placed upon the earth again as gently as we were taken up. We saw no princess of China—at least we have nothing to say about her. We now discovered that the Genius who had done all this was of a quiet and benevolent appearance—(especially if you did n't ask too many questions)—and he explained to us that he had done it by the same means which were used to make the enchanted horse go through the air—that is, by turning a peg. The name of this genius is James Brown. Upon looking about us we discovered that the part of the earth on which we are now placed is thirteen feet south of that which we inhabited before, and that the removal of our house was by order of the city of Boston, which had determined to widen Broomfield street that much, in order that more room should be given to the crowds who came to subscribe to the *Living Age*. We are grateful, and hereby invite the mayor and aldermen to order a complete set for each family in the city. (People at a distance had better send their orders without delay.)

The removal of such a building without injury, with its foundation walls, is thought to be a very good job, and we hope that Mr. Brown will get something more than reputation by it. We asked him whether he could not remove a Pennsylvania coalmine to this neighborhood; but were informed that it would be expensive, and that when brought here the rent would eat up all the profit.

The motive power, as we said before, was six screws placed against Broomfield street. How the walls were prepared for removal we cannot here explain, but will give full information to every one of our subscribers who will call upon us.

As there is still room in the letter, we copy for you from the Congregational Journal—

A REMINISCENCE.

We once chanced to spend a Sabbath at the Presbyterian church in Nottoway, Virginia, not as a *doer*, but as a *hearer* of the word. It was at a distance from any house; the tall trees at intervals surrounded it, at the ends of whose flexible branches the horses' bridles were fastened, and whose delicious shade at once imparted coolness to the worshippers and solemnity to the worship. The house was unpainted, and, if we remember right, unfloored, nothing but benches without backs taking the place of northern pews. In one corner of this low and long building, elevated two or three feet above the ground, a *pen* was erected to serve as a pulpit; it seemed to have been built in some respects after the pattern shown by the temple of Solomon; for evidently the plane had not come upon it, or the sound of the hammer been heard. The boards were placed longitudinally, and had been sawed off at such an unlucky length, that the head of the preacher just peered above them as he rose to speak. Long we sat and waited for the parties under the trees and about the building to come in. At length they took their seats, well dressed, without an exception well-formed and well-looking, and paying respectful attention to the services as they proceeded. Perhaps there was a congregation of seventy-five persons, nearly all of whom were men. The preacher arose, dissipating our fears of his nonentity both by the sound of his voice and the evident indications of a head. The discourse was well-reasoned and pious, and we doubt not edifying to others; but for ourselves, we must confess it, we lost the benefit between the sense of the ludicrous and the fear lest the worthy preacher, whose chin seemed to graze upon the ends of the pulpit boards, at some moment of impassioned oratory would be caught in the pillory and strangled. But "all is well that ends well;" the sermon was brought to a close, and we escaped witnessing so distressing a catastrophe.

Then there was the singing; it rings in our ears to this day, and will till we die. The preacher read a hymn; but, excepting his own, there was not a hymn-book in the congregation; and, excepting a venerable Methodist brother present, not a singer. His whitened locks, permitted to luxuriate to the utmost when everything else was in decay, and floating in all directions as the sportive wind rushed in through the open doors and windows, showed that seventy-five or eighty winters had passed over him. His countenance, though serious, beamed with intelligence, benignity, and devotion; nor could we tell whether it was more pleasant to see or to hear him. He was plainly dressed; a staff supported his feeble frame; and, volunteering his services when he saw this part of divine worship likely to be omitted, he rose from his bench, marched forward to the pulpit, and placing his back against the rough boards directly in front of the minister, leaned forward upon his staff for double support. As was the custom once in New England and now at the south, both from habit and necessity, the preacher "deaconed" the hymn, reading but two lines at a time. The patriarch, striking a familiar tune, raised his broken voice; the words were touching; the tune a simple melody, but full of devotion and tenderness. All was solemn; the day, the dark trees towering over us, the rude "forest sanctuary," the image of primitive simplicity, the reverent and silent congregation, and to us, the thought of home

and friends far away. There he stood, the old patriarch, pouring out from his heart the big emotions seeking utterance, and which sweeter, diviner strains, never bore up to heaven. Then did we first know the power of music; science, cultivation, choirs, organs, they are all nothing worth compared with the simple melody of that old man, pilgrim-like with staff in hand, ready to pass over Jordan, and long since, as we doubt not, singing the song of the Lamb on Mount Zion. For a long time that tune escaped our recollection, and no effort could recall it; perhaps the old saint took it along with him to heaven; at length it came rushing back by a mere act of spontaneity, awakening all the thoughts and emotions of that by-gone day, with hearty good wishes to the Presbyterianism and Methodism of Nottoway county, Virginia.

We are indebted to the Protestant Churchman for selecting this noble sonnet by Blanco White:

NIGHT.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed!
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Persons desirous of availing themselves of a profitable investment, might purchase out the claim of Mr. Hinkley, an account of which we copy from a New York paper:

CURIOS APPLICATION.—Among the voluminous correspondence, daily received at the office of the mayor of this city, there are occasionally some very queer missives. The following is a specimen, which we print *verbatim et literatim* as it came from the post-office. It explains itself, but does not explain how the writer came to let his claim lie dormant for such a length of time, to the loss of the interest:

August the 8th 1847.

Christiansburgh Montgomery county Virginia.

Sir I wish to inform you Some fifteen or twenty years since I bought a lottery ticket that was drawn in the Sitee of new york & I was informed that the ticket drew five thousand Dollars but I have lost the ticket but I will make oath that I have lost it & iff the money can be got I want you to write to me & let me know all about the matter.

I am a new yerker and is ver pore & iff ticket has not drew anything I want yer to mage up something for my supyort & and send to me yours with respect.

Isaac. Hinkley

We copy from the Journal of Commerce the following article upon California. The threatened war by Austria against Italy, (which would be

a general European war,) has been fully discussed in this number; but we add from the Times a few remarks upon the deputies who are to assemble at Rome to make known to the Pope the wishes and wants of the provinces:

"A private letter from Rome, which we have ourselves received, says that the deputies chosen are most of them men well known to the public for their patriotic principles. The same letter informs us that much importance is attached to the uniform chosen for the National Guards of Rome. It in a great measure resembles that of the ancient Romans, and has given rise already to some fears that in Rome, as was the case in France at the commencement of the revolution, the choice of costume may give rise to notions which will embarrass the government, if it should, as intimated in a recent proclamation of the pro-governor, endeavor to impede the march of liberal doctrines. This proclamation, while it declares that the government will conduct the inquiry relative to the late conspiracy with impartial and severe justice, adds that it will also punish with severity the excessive zeal of persons who, by their conduct, might compromise the good relations which subsist with foreign countries; from which it is inferred the government dreads giving offence to Austria.

"Letters from Rome of the 28th ult. mention that the Austrian cabinet had addressed a note to the pontifical government, in which it declared that, in the event of any disturbances in the dominions of the church remaining unrepented, or crimes being unpunished, Austria would consider the pope incapable of maintaining order in his states, and feel it her duty to interfere. General Radetsky, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army in Lombardy, had been empowered to act according to circumstances. It was reported that Cardinal Ferretti had, in consequence of that notification, ordered the Swiss regiments, and all the troops disposable, to march toward the northern frontier.

"Letters from Naples of the 28th ult. say that considerable agitation prevailed in that country. It was rumored that an insurrection had broken out at Cosenza, and that troops had been despatched against the insurgents, under the command of General Statella, whom the king had invested with the powers of an *alter ego*. According to another rumor, Col. Caribaldi, commander of the Italian legion at Montevideo, had arrived on the coast of Sicily, in an English vessel, with 300 men."

CALIFORNIA.

We have just received a budget of letters from a very intelligent naval officer in the Pacific; but unfortunately they have been so long on the way, that what was once news has become history. There are however few paragraphs which have not entirely lost their interest. The first of which we shall copy is dated at the Sandwich Islands.

"Our officers are all much pleased with the missionaries. They are plain in their habits, easy in their demeanor, and intelligent in their conversation. They have none of that sternness which a sectarian puts on, who would throw his religion into his looks, and yet they are free from all that lightness which is incompatible with a high and earnest purpose. They have cheerfulness without levity, and sobriety without austerity. They are far from being men of one idea; their mental horizon is broad. They

have impressed their genius upon all the social habits and civil institutions of the islanders. Indeed, all that exists here, upon which the eye of the Christian or philanthropist can rest with satisfaction, has emerged, through their influence, from a tide of barbarism, as the islands themselves have risen from the ocean by the action of the volcano.

"They have many difficulties with which to contend, growing out of the ignorance and untowardness of the natives; and it is a burning shame that these should be enhanced by the avarice and profligacy of foreign residents. Their worst opponents are those who come here from Christian lands to indulge in vice and make money. These are the men who deify the missionaries, obstruct their influence, and embroil themselves with the government. It would be a mercy to the living, were they sunk in an earthquake, and the wild sea knelling their death-dirge."

[The following remarks from the same correspondent, relative to the origin of the revolution in California, are not without interest.]

"This revolution originated in an attempt, on the part of the Mexican authorities, to drive out the Americans who had settled here, on the plea that they had not complied with the laws of citizenship. These laws require that every one, who would possess an interest in the soil, should marry a native of California and become a member of the Roman Catholic church. These laws could not be complied with, unless the emigrant would consent to repudiate his wife and his religion. Reduced to this extremity, they took up arms, and they are resolved never to lay them down till California shall be a free and independent republic. Their first step will be to connect themselves with the United States; even the English emigrants openly avow this.

"The sober truth is, the mass of the people here have become thoroughly sick of Mexican rule. All the revenues of the country have gone for years into the pockets of a few individuals, who have figured here under the authority of Mexican commissioners, while law, order, and all the great interests of the country have been left to shirk for themselves. There are not, as near as I can learn, twenty families in California, save those connected with the Mexican government, who do not openly or secretly encourage the revolution. Every week brings in a report of some new village having risen and run up the American flag. One of the Mexican prefects, who owns a large extent of country and commands a great many tenants, has fortified his castle and run up our flag.

"The Mormon emigrants, whom we left at Honolulu, in the Brooklyn, numbering one hundred and seventy, will be here in a few days. They purpose settling on the bay of San Francisco. They survived their passage round Cape Horn in good condition. They are a plain, thrifty people—many of them mechanics. They are mostly from the Baptist and Methodist persuasions. Their Mormonism is a thing which has been superinduced on their previous belief, like Millerism on the faith of other sects. Out here it will probably blow away, as fog from a rock. Every one of them will join the revolution. They have rifles and can fight. But for the revolution they would not have been permitted to land, except by force. The captain of the Brooklyn, who is a Baptist, told me he had never been among a more quiet, well-behaved and devout people. They had their morning and evening prayers all the way over the ocean. They don't like to be called Mormons. They wish to be called Latter-day-Saints."

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